THE ADVENTURES OF THE *Helvetian* Hero, With the Young Countess of ALBANIA; OR, THE AMOURS OF *Armadorus* and *Vicentina*: A NOVEL.

——*Quæ me Suspensam insomnia terrent?*
Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?
Quem se ore ferens! quam forti pectore & Armis!
Virgil. Æneid. 4*th.*

Licensed 9th. *December.* 1693.

LONDON:
Printed for *Randall Taylor*, near *Stationers Hall.* MDCXCIV.

TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

E. of M. &c.

YOUR *Lordſhip being ſo* Illuſtrious *an* Example *of* Heroick Love *and* Renowned Valour; *'Tis but fit that at your Feet our* Adventurous *and moſt* Valiant Hero

Hero *ſhould fall*: *and that* Good-natur'd Pity, *and* Sweet Compaſſion *that moved you to Eſpouſe the* Juſteſt *Cauſe of an* injured *Stranger, will encline you alſo to Patroniſe* The Hiſtory *of his* wrongs *and* Injuries; *and your Lordſhip cannot be an* Enemy *to the Author, if you are but a* Friend *and favourer of*

ARMADORUS.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF THE Helvetian Hero,

With the Young Counteſs of *Albania*, &c.

NO ſooner had the God of War raiſed himſelf from a a profound Repoſe, a Tranquility in which all *Europe* lay, too long alas, for the reſtleſs humour of the Aſpiring *Gaul*, who in the midſt of Peace betook himſelf to Arms; beſieging *Phillippolis* (a Frontier of the Empire) flaming

Cæſar and all his Allies, with the ſurprizing inſult of ſo ſudden an Invaſion, ſo unjuſt a War: No ſooner I ſay, had *Mars* ſet up his Standard, and *Bellona* diſplayed her bloody Colours in the Field; (as if War in Conjunction, were to denounce diſcord among the Sexes) or only deſigned it on the two ſorrowful Subjects of this Diſcourſe; whatever were the diſpenſations of Fate, or its deep deſigns; certain it is, that the News of ſo Univerſal, ſo formidable a War, could not but reach the whole Helvetick Body; a People ſo truly Martial and Warlike, that they have no other *Cradles* but their *Tents*, and begin their *Lives* with a *Campagne*: A Nation Neighbouring on a *Great* Emperor, and a King as *Great*; which lying open to two ſuch potent Enemies, had need of all its *Arts* as well as *Courage* to ſubſiſt, and had no little Reaſon to have ſome regard to its ſelf, and ſo thought it beſt by a wiſe Neutrality, to prevent their becoming a prey

a prey by a precipitous participiation, to the Avenging and Triumphant Victor, and falling so many Victims to the Force and Fortune of the Conqueror, (tho' this policy I must confess has sometimes proved as destructive to States, as 'tis many times thought a medium to preserve them, and makes them in the end to be aimed at as Sacrifices by *both sides*, because they *sided* with *neither*) but here, notwithstanding the *general* body of this Canton'd State stood Neuter, it was left to their *particular* Subjects, in which Party they would Engage: And *Gold* and *Gain* being with them a *good* principle of *Honor*, as well as the *best* argument of a *good Cause*, (mixt with their Native hardiness, that on one side or other enclines them alway to Action) Their bold Youth betook themselves each to that *Country* and *Cause*, where they thought they might find the best *Interest*, and the best *Pay*.

'Amongſt which *Martial Adventurers*, it ſo fell out that the ſprightly and active *Armadorus* made one: A Youth well made, and of a good Meen, Proper and Gay, qualified with a *Sweet air*, and a *melting ſoftneſs*: The firſt, ſuch as *Brezes* on their Mountains; and the latter to be compared to the *Snow* that lies upon them; while his Warlike diſpoſition was all that was *rugged* about *him*, like the *roughneſs* of his Country.

'Tis true he followed *Mars*, while *Venus* ſeem'd to form a Camp for him; and the *French Gallantry* ſeem'd couch'd under the *robuſt* denomination of a *Swiſs*: Perhaps his Parents from their long ſervices in that *politer* Country, had infus'd in his formation ſome more *poliſht* matter than what uſually Compounds the Courſer People of his own Country; but as *ſoft* as he ſeem'd, for *War* he was deſign'd; and ſo the firſt prompting Expedition that offer'd to his Inclinations, was the

Warlike

War like preparation that was made by the *Belgians*, and the Heroick Prince that headed them, for a *Deſcent* on the Iſle of *Old Albion*, now commonly call'd *Brittain*: A Command he ſoon got, either by deſert or recommendation, and accordingly entred upon the Action: The Succeſs of which every Hiſtorian has in Voluminous Diaries ſufficiently related; it may ſuffice to ſay their Expedition was Proſperous; they Landed their Forces *without Oppoſition*; They march'd into the Country *without Reſiſtance*: look'd on as *Redeemers*, and not *Conquerors*. So that the Young Hero had not the occaſion of ſhewing the proofs of that Valour, that a briſk action might have Exemplifi'd; and ſo ſignaliz'd Himſelf to Her, that proved afterward the Miſtreſs of his Affections; The firſt ſeat of War beginning in that very Province ſhe called her own; but alas! little did either of them then think of thoſe *Sharper Engagements* and Conflicts

that afterward befel them; Honour led him on; ſo that Love had no time to intangle him, or her; Tho' the little God perhaps had laid his Plot already, tho' the Execution of it by him was deferr'd: The Army by eaſy Marches advanc'd to the Metropolis; and our Noble *Helvetian* hardly gave or receiv'd the leaſt wound in the Field; The Cauſe ſeemed to *Conquer* for them, while themſelves profeſt they came *not* to *Conquer*; all the *Conqueſt* the Young Hero was reſerved for, was that of *Beauty*, and *Armadorus* to dye in no other *Arms* but *Vitentina's*.

Thus having poſſeſt themſelves of the Capital City, which there was no need of *Force* to make themſelves Maſters of; the *willing* Citizens receiving them with Gratulations, Pageantry and Pomp; a *peaceful* ſettlement ſoon followed this ſhew of *War*; (at leaſt what was thought to conduce to it;) the Crown was placed on the head of the Deliverer, by a publick

publick Act of the Senate; and the People pleased with a new Coronation; Festivals, Pageants, Triumphs and Rejoycings, were the only Diversions of the Town; drown'd all the noise of Drum and Trumpet; and the useless Army dispers'd, was Commanded to Reside in their Respective Quarters, in the several Country Towns and Villages of such Provinces as their General Officers thought fit: It was our Young *Helvetian*'s fate to be remanded to the Province of *Danmonium*; where they first Landed, and his Quarters Assigned him in the Principal Town of it, Anciently the *Isca Danmoniorum*; little imagining what Snares the little God had laid for him against his return; what hard *Conflicts* he was to meet with after such *easy Triumphs*.

Thou Powerful Love! Tho' Infant) God! How dost thou Govern and dispose of Human Affairs! And so inconsiderable and puny Deity as thou art painted, influence all things!

things! Fate and Deſtiny can do no more! Little did our *Armadorus* think that *He*, whom all the Beauties of the *Capital City* could not *Conquer*, or divert from his *Martial* Exploits and Employments, ſhould be *Triumphed* over in a *Country Town*; Captivated where he came as a *Conqueror*; Effeminated where he appeared ſo much a *Man*; And what might magnify him more to *Mars*, or *Venus*, an *Helvetian*; but the Goddeſs here with the help of her Invincible *Cupid*, got the upperhand of our Hero; and the God of War; *Shield* and *Buckler*, *Sword* and *Spear*, the *Enſigns* of War; and the *Streaming Colours* that he carried all bowed, yeilded, laid down, at the Feet of an *Imperious* Beauty, that could *Command* the Heart of the ſtouteſt *Hero*: How this was effected, and by whom our *Armadorus* was Metamorphoſed into a Lover, (for certainly it could be no mean Object that could produce ſuch Monſtrous effects) ſhall now be the

Subject

Subject of the next Section, or Paragraph.

The *Isca Danmoniorum* (we have mentioned) of *Ptolomy*, and the Ancients, is a well known place in Modern Story: A City of good Resort in the *Western* part of the Isle of *Brittain*; well Peopled, well Seated on the falling Descent of an easy Hill, whose pleasant Feet, and Fields adjacent, are wash'd with the sweet Streams of a purling River that runs by them; and glides with a various and delightful Current: many of whose Amorous Waves have often list'ned to the Lovers Tales, that on its silent Banks have been repeated. And in these Elysiums, and blessed Shades, the *Virgin* Youth of both Sexes, that frequented the City for Education or *breeding*; as also those of Riper Years, whom Love had Inchanted into those *feeling* Inclinations, and Passionate *Emotions* for Holy Matrimony, and the like, would often, and doubtless very Innocently

cently divert themselves; but here it was not that our Noble *Armadorus* Received his Deaths Wound: His Dear lay in Covert, and the Dart was laid up for him and her, in *Diana's Temple*; so *Sacred* a thing is Love (if not *profan'd*) that it makes its first Sallies, and purer Essays, in places Dedicated to *Devotion*; and many a *Pious* Votary to return a *Devotee* to some other *Divinity* than what he seriously came to *Adore*. And this was the sad Condition of the Captivated *Armadorus*, when one day he came to Offer up his publick *Oblations*, to fall himself a *Sacrifice* to the Charming Eyes of the Fair *Vincentina*; and she as much a *Victim* to the Features of the Vanquish'd *Armadorus*. The Emotions of their *Hearts*, the glances of their *Eye*, the Trembling of the *Nerves*, and the Confusions that might have been visible in both their Faces, had not the Assembly been too much engaged in their Devotions to observe

it;

it; theſe I ſay are only to be deſcribed to the *Life*, by ſuch *Dying* Lovers; in a word,

Hærebat Lateri Lethalis Arundo ——
(was his caſe ——
And, *Vulnus alit Venis* ——— hers.
That is to ſay,
The Deadly Dart ſtuck to his Reins,
Whilſt Love fermented in her Veins.

The Prieſt ending, *parted* this Tormented Pair he ſhould have *joined* who loath to riſe from their bended Knees, *Prayed* only that the *Prayers* might be prolonged. And if *Piety* may be founded in *Contemplation*, no doubt were very *Devout*; Their *Eyes* followed eagerly their departing *Perſons*, and if *Ogling*-Love may be believed, their *Hearts* went after their *Eyes*.

The *glowing* heat that nouriſh'd this concealed Love in their ſeveral Breaſts, could not be long without breaking into *flame*; and though with the Poet it was *Cæco carpitur Igne*, yet

yet it must blaze at last, and come to *light*: The Contest was only between them, how with the greatest secrecy as well as decency they cou'd impart to each other their sufferings. *Armadorus*, an humble admirer of *Vicentina*, hardly could presume to be the first Aggressor, to address himself in a *strange* Country to a person of her Rank and Quality, and he himself a *stranger*, whose Fortune seemed to depend upon his Sword; besides Love is apt to Impress an *awe* and *reverence* on the Object you *adore* though the rank and Dignity of the person did not require that *awful* distance, which here it seemed to deserve. The Young Countess was not a *stranger* to the backwardness or Timorousness of the Youthful *Armadorus*; she had considered well the decencies that were commonly observed by those of her Sex; and though Love is proverbially said to (*Laugh at Reason, and leap over Laws*) yet the Lady strugled long before she could

could diſpence with the leaſt punctilio that might tranſcend the bounds of a becoming decency; but where *Wit* and *Love* meet (we know) the Inventions are wonderful; doubtleſs 'twas pity compelled her to Compaſſionate the Languiſhments of the poor *Armadorus*; and ſhe had greater Reaſon than the Charitable *Samaritan*, to pour ſome Comfortable Oyl into thoſe wounds her ſelf had made; and eſpecially when *Charity* could begin at *home* too, whilſt it was extended to the diſtreſſed ſtranger; for notwithſtanding the ſevere rules of Modeſty, Decency, and Reſtraint, the Troubleſome Deportments, the Languiſhings of that Sex are obliged to; and ſhe her ſelf Laboured to be Confined to, as much as poſſible, or ever was in a weak Womans power; Yet the reſiſtleſs powers of Love will always prevail againſt all the reluctancy that ſeems to oppoſe it. *Vicentina* felt the ſame pains, and which ſhe knew no other way to cure,

but

but by easing those of *Armadorus*; but as Love raises difficulties, so it is apt alway to raise the best courage; and reach at the finest Inventions to Conquer them: Loath was the fair Countess to make a discovery of her passion, to a person a stranger to her self, and Alien to her Nation, and as loath to let the poor Languishing Stranger despond under such difficulties as perhaps he might think invincible; but to shew her self a *Wit*, as well as *Beauty*, and her *Invention* to be as strong as her *Charms*, the matter was so contrived, that *Armadorus* had imparted to him the reciprocal Affection *Vicentina* had for him; and that the matter should be so ordered, that the Countess should not be seen concerned in so kind a Communication.

Drusilla, a young Gentlewoman of a pregnant Wit, and good Invention was the Lady that had the Honour to wait upon the Young Countess, as attendant on her Person; she often had perceiv

perceiv'd the Diſorders of Thought, and the Diſcompoſure of Mind, her Miſtreſs would be under, and ſoon judged they could proceed from nothing leſs than *Love*; and the *Fair Sex* have naturally ſuch a *fellow-feeling* for one another's Sufferings, that they are ſeldom eaſy till they help one another to be ſo; and beſides, Inquiſitiveneſs and Curioſity is ſo common an Ingredient in our Humane Conſtitution, and ſo more particularly in a Womans, that (if only to gratify their Humours) they'll leave few Secrets undiſcover'd. *Druſilla*'s diſcerning Eye had plaid the *Mercury*, and watcht the *Darts* that Cupid had *Shot*, and knew too pretty well what Lovers they had *wounded*. This made her with the greater liberty, ſitting one Evening in a lonely Walk by the ſide of her diſconſolate Lady, who fetching a deep Sigh, gave her more preſſing occaſion to enquire of the cauſe of her ſo frequent penſiveneſs.

Madam,

Madam, *ſaid* Druſilla, pardon the preſumption of your Servant, if ſhe makes it her humble Requeſt to be privy to that tormenting Grief that affects you; 'tis only that Zeal and Affection I have for your Service, encourages me to that confidence as to deſire it, which ſhould it prove a matter beyond my poor Abilities to ſerve you in, yet at laſt it would be ſome comfort to the afflicted to have a Partner in thoſe Afflictions under which they *groan.* Ah *Druſilla*, *replied the Fair* Vicentina, I am fully ſatisfied of thy Love and Faithfulneſs, and can confide further in thee, than even the ſecreſy of my Affair would require; but alas! (redoubling it with a deeper ſigh) ſuch is my misfortune, that I can perhaps be pitied, but not relieved. Love, *then replied the Zealous and Paſſionate* Druſilla, has drawn all this diſorder on your dear ſelf, Madam; and can that be the occaſion of your deſpair? Can you, Madam, who can command ſo many hearts,

doubt

doubt of Conquering one? See, but look down only on thoſe Captives that already lie at your feet; what would the Amorous *Carlo* give for one ſuch Sigh ſacrificed for his ſake? And doubt not Madam, but were your *Eſteem* known to the Perſon you admire, he would ſoon *Adore*; he would ſacrifice his very *Soul to your Service, and Court you into that Bliſs and Happineſs you deſire.*

The melting Counteſs began to be mov'd at ſuch tender Expreſſions; and ſoftly anſwer'd *Druſilla*, And canſt thou help me, my faithful Companion? Should I have fixt my thoughts on a Perſon whom I could not handſomely addreſs unto, and yet bring me off with Honour? For that let me alone, *ſaid the Zealous* Druſilla, greater Difficulties would I wade through for your ſake, Madam; and to make the diſcovery more eaſy to you, give me leave by my own fooliſh Interrogatory to anticipate your diſcloſing the paſſion you can hardly conceal: *Is it*

not

not for the young Stranger, Armadorus, *you languish?* And can you dive into my Thoughts so well, *replied the Fair* Vicentina (with a Countenance that seem'd a little surpriz'd into a graceful blush)? don't press me in a matter, *Drusilla*, that it neither becomes you to enquire into, nor me to own. It is enough, said *Drusilla*, (with a pleasing Smile) and I could suffer a severer Rebuke for your ease, Madam; but from my own Observation, the Young Cavalier looks very suspiciously, and seems to have no less a Passion for your Ladiship; the certainty of which, without your being in the least concern'd, let me alone to discover.

This pretty Discourse, and comfortable Consolation, past between the Young Countess, or the Fair *Vicentina*, and her Faithful *Drusilla* upon the Evening, that the following Morn the Citizens and Gallants were to Assemble in the publick Temple, for the Celebration of Divine Service; *Drusilla's* pregnancy soon told her that

Armadorus

Armadorus his Devotions, or doubled Adoration, would make him to be preſent at the Solemnity, and this prompting-occaſion (a Temptation to ſo pregnant an Invention as hers) ſoon made her lay hold of the opportunity, and enter upon Action: She gets her Lady to write a blank, or Anonymous Letter, to a Perſon as unknown, or elſe ſo well imitated her Miſtreſſes Hand, that it might not be eaſily miſtaken for anothers; Seals it, though Unſubſcribed, and Directs it for the Young *Armadorus*: Then cunningly diſguiſing her ſelf, that ſhe might not be known to relate to her Lady, ſhe ſo lovingly deſigned to ſerve, She habits her ſelf all in the homely dreſs of ſome Peaſants Daughter: viz. *In a freſh Straw-Hat, made but the laſt Harveſt*; a well ſtifned Pinner, and deeply blewed with the Starch; edged with a moderate narrow Bone-lace; a plain Handkerchief about her Neck, though of Courſe Linnen, yet very clean;

clean; a Waſtcoat of a Ruſſet Serge, ſuch as the Country affords, ſpik-and-ſpan-New, ſtill ſavouring a little of the Weavers Oyl; a ſhort Petticoat of Red Bays, edged at bottom with four rows of Green Gimp Lace; a pair of Yarn Stockins, Blew, bought that Night on purpoſe, from a *Welſh-man*'s Stall; with a good ſubſtantial Neats-Leather Shooe, purchaſed once at ſome Country Fair; tied cloſe with a Green Ferret Ribbon, in a *large Bow-knot that touched the very tips of her Toes.* Dreſt thus *Capa-pee, Druſilla,* in theſe her Country Accoutrements ſeemed almoſt a ſtranger to her ſelf, and her Ruddy Countenance, though it were not ſo Courſe, from its freſhneſs of Complexion ſeemed to humour the diſguiſe:

Eyes

Eyes black as Sloes, with Cherry Lips;
(and Cheeks like Katherine Pear!
That cry not only Kiſs, my Love! but
(Eat me up my Dear!
'Twould tempt not only Country Swains,
(but any Switzer *here.*

In this *Autumnal* or *Ruſtick* dreſs ſhe trips away to the Temple, much about the time the Young Girls of the Neighbouring Villages uſed to come, to gaze about the Quire; and at laſt fixing their Eyes on the *fineſt* Face, that has the *loudeſt* Voice, devoutly liſten to the *Vocal* Muſick of the Church, till the *louder Organ* Alarms them to turn about and look another way; but *Druſilla*, better acquainted with the Service and Ceremony, had other Contemplations: Her Eyes were fixed on the Comely Stranger, and it was not long before the Fair Stranger had found out hers; and though he was more Devoutly engaged in his Contemplations of

his more admired *Vicentina*, than at her Devotions; yet whether by Inſtinct, or wandring of his looks and thoughts, is not ſo certain, he could not forbear regarding this Country Damoſel, with a concern of which then he could not comprehend the Reaſon; but much more ſurprized he was when the Service ended, and this delicate and unknown Dame preſented him (with a ſimp'ring look and low Court'ſy) theſe humble Lines.

Sir,

BE not ſurprized at the ſtrangeneſs of this Addreſs; 'tis in your power to make your ſelf the happieſt Man living; follow your Fortune; where you Love, you are as much beloved; loſe no opportunity, leſt you repent your neglect and delay, and ſo be Wiſe too late; manage your Affairs with Prudence; let your firſt Viſits be

ſecret

ſecret: and if your Love be warm, be confident it will find no cold Reception;

Sir,

Your hearty Friend, and well-wiſher,

D.

WHILE the *Eager Armadorus* full of *wonder* and admiration was *anxiouſly* running over theſe Myſterious Lines, and ready to break out into paſſion and Expoſtulation; the cunning *Druſilla* had withdrawn her ſelf in the Crowd, and ſo added another piece of *wondring*, to his perfect Aſtoniſhment! And am I then, ſaid he, made a Riddle to my ſelf? Or this place ſome *Fairy-Ground*? *Holy Ground* it is, and Dedicated to ſome Sublimer Deity; and therefore no ſuch Fantaſtick Scenes, Airy Phantoms, and Fooliſh Enchantments can take place here: This cannot come from my Admired *Vicentina*; but ſome Country Beauty that per-

haps my perſon, though ſo unworthy, has ſeem'd acceptable and agreeable to: The Counteſs that has Charm'd me, keeps no ſuch Domeſticks; and this Gallant City yields no ſuch plain Ruſticity; but yet me-thoughts much *Innocency* and *Sweetneſs* ſeemed to dwell under that *homely ſimplicity*; and were I Maſter of that Heart which once I had, when the Field and the Camp afforded me the only delight, ſo *pretty* ſo *freſh* a Creature juſt come from the Country, could hardly have got off ſo eaſily; but *purer* Love, and now more *ſacred* thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt; which though not tainted with the *leaſt* of ſin, I am ſure I find to be the *greateſt* torment: But why after all this, may not ſome envious Rival *Spark* have contrived this Stratagem to amuſe and delude me, an unknown Stranger, only upon ſuſpicion of that ſecret paſſion I have ſo long ſtrove to conceal? Theſe and ſuch like thoughts and expreſſions, the troubled

and

and Confuſed *Helvetian* had to himſelf, and with which his melancholy entertained him for moſt part of the following Night; and there we leave him, while we return a little to the Counteſs, under as much diſcompoſure and Anxiety. The Fair *Vicentina* happened to be not far from him in the ſame Church, when *en paſſant* with ſome other Ladies, ſhe ſaw the Country Damoſel with ſuch *Obeyſance*, and *amiable ſimplicity* Addreſs her ſelf to the Heroic *Helvetian*; and ſo far was ſhe from ſuſpecting it for her faithful *Druſilla*, under ſo well-contrived a diſguiſe, that ſhe gently juſtled ſome of her Virgin-Companions to obſerve ſomewhat of an Intriegue, that ſeemed to paſs between the Renowned Stranger, and a plain ſimple Country Girl.

Under this perplexity both parties lay for ſome conſiderable time, while *Armadorus* his Suſpended Thoughts hung in the midſt between hope and deſpair; he ſometimes reſolved reſo-

lutely to Addreſs himſelf to the Young Counteſs; when the fear of being preſumptuous, daſh'd agen that reſolution: This timorous delay of his, made *Druſilla* play the ſecond part, though not under ſo much diſguiſe as the firſt; and whether in a Letter under her Ladies hand, or under her own, that could well imitate her Miſtreſſes (ſince Report is various, I ſhall not determine) She Writes the languiſhing *Armadorus* this ſecond Epiſtle.

Sir,

'TIS enough for Fortune to put their own happineſs into Peoples hands; and not to Court them to lay hold of it: Fools indeed have their hours to chuſe in, but Wiſe Men know how to Husband and make uſe of Minutes; It was once in your power to have been as happy as your own wiſhes could make you; but I can hardly ſay it is ſo now, ſince your

your careleſsneſs has delayed your Addreſſes ſo long, that the Cavalier Don Carlo (*who has hitherto been but* Coldly *received*) *begins now every day to* warm *himſelf into her Affection: The Lady cannot be unknown to you, and alway ſo near by you; This is like to be your laſt advice, and you beſt know your laſt and only Remedy.*

D.

This Letter more plain and Expreſſive, and like to give more Light to *Armadorus*, ſhe delivers (directed to him) to a publick Porter to convey, but one to whom *Druſilla* her ſelf was unknown; and that the fellow might not diſcover to whom ſhe related, ſhe gave him this to carry at a place ſome tolerable diſtance from the Houſe in which ſhe dwelt: The Bearer conveys it as directed; but no ſooner had the Tranſported *Helvetian* run over the ſurprizing Contents, but he ſeized the Meſſenger that brought it, for fear by his withdraw-

ing he ſhould be left agen in the dark: The poor man (employed as he thought only on ſome ordinary Errand) began to be ſeized with a fit of Trembling, to be thus taken into Cuſtody; the eager *Armadorus* earneſtly deſires him to diſcover the perſon that delivered him the Letter he brought; and threatned him as much if he denied it, or did prevaricate; the poor fellow, as ignorant of the perſon concerned, as of the Contents, could not be brought to confeſs any thing but his Ignorance, and that he had no knowledge at all of the perſon that delivered it him, but only that by her habit ſhe was a Woman, and ſome Gentlewoman; this not ſatisfying the warm *Armadorus* (who was reſolved now to purſue as warmly his obſcure Intelligence, and to be as *hot* upon the *Cold* Scent) he makes the poor unthinking Creature, the meſſenger, to accompany him to the place where the Letter was delivered him. Thinking thereby to be more throughly

throughly Confirmed in the place from whence it came: but for that *Druſilla*, as I obſerved before, ſeem'd to have taken care: However the little ſtir that it made upon the fond inquiſitiveneſs of the Eager Lover, and the poor Porter enquiring about the Neighbourhood, it ſo fell out, that a perſon thereabout had ſeen ſuch a Young Gentlewoman deliver him the aforeſaid Letter, and affirmed it to be *Druſilla*, that belonged to the Young Counteſs of *Albania*. The *Sun* (on this diſcovery) ſeemed to diſplay his *Beams* to the *Clouded* Armadorus, and to *diſpel* all *Miſts*; hardineſs began now to grow upon him, and he began with hope to take heart, and ſoon after in his beſt Equipage went to make her a viſit.

But Oh! *Tyrant Love!* With what *Cruelty* does he ſport himſelf with Lovers *Hearts*, and like a little *Nero*, *play* whilſt they are a *burning*: This ſecret Intriegue (ſoon after the

buſtle about the ſecond Letter, having taken ſome Air) This flame of this Amour was like to have been ſtifled in its firſt breaking forth; and their tender Love, that like a ſilent Taper had a long while been burning under ground, to have been put out by giving it vent, and opening the Cavity: The Fair *Vicentina* had ſtill living a Mother, very careful of ſo fine a charge, if not watchful of her even to a fault. The Counteſs Dowager, who after the Deceaſe of the Count *D' Albania*, was again Married to the Worthy and Honourable Patriot, the Noble Count *D' Orlando*, Lord of *Ogliano*: This Old Lady, of great Judgment and Experience from her Years, and by Converſation well verſed in the Affairs of the World, knew that her Daughter from the Signiories, Lordſhips, Heritages and Patrimony left her by her Father, was fit for the Eſpouſals of ſome Conſiderable Count; and beſides, ſhe well knew ſhould the Young Lady miſcarry

carry before Matrimony, (for 'tis a Proverbial saying in that Country, *That the Young may dye, as well as the Old must*) why then she was to take all by Survivorship, which would sufficiently have advanced the House of *Ogliano*; for which next to her own Daughter she had reason to have the greatest Love and Regard; but whether this (which perhaps might be but a malicious Reflection, made her averse to her Daughters *Matrimony*, or that a Motherly care made her willing to see her well *Married*; some little Intimation of *Armadorus* his Amours, and Intended Addresses, (notwithstanding all the care and cunning of *Drusilla*) came to her Ears; upon which having taken the Young Countess apart, one Evening in the most private walk of their Garden, a Comfortable Retreat behind their own House, from the noise of the Town; She began to tell her a little roundly of the Apprehensions she had *of* her,

as

as well as the Tenderneſs ſhe had *for* her, *and that ſhe* was afraid of ſome private Amours, that were going on between her and the Gallant Stranger that had made of late ſo fine a figure; to which ſhe added her Cautionary Advice, to take care of *Souldiers* of *Fortune*; that notwithſtanding an Handſome Perſon and Equipage, he might have but little to ſupport either: That all Towns and Cities, eſpecially *Theirs*, was known to be full of invidious Cenſures, and injurious Reflections. The Old folks, whoſe Virtues are commonly Neceſſity, reviling the innocent Liberties of the *Young*, for wanton Licentiouſneſs; and the young ridiculing the ſtaidineſs and gravity of the Old only for a ſupercilious dotage. That the odneſs of Marrying an unknown Stranger (whatever his merits or perfections might be) would ſound as ſtrange to all her Friends and Acquaintance; would make her the Subject of Table-talk, and be a ſlur

to the Young *Brittiſh* Gallants of the ſame Province, as if all *Albion* could not afford her an Husband deſerving enough, but ſhe muſt ramble ſo far as to find out an *Helvetian*. With theſe courteous Admonitions and *kind Reproaches*, did the Counteſs Dowager entertain her Daughter; who much ſurprized at the Diſcourſe, and ſevere reprehenſion for a fault ſhe was but beginning to commit, the very Intentions of which ſhe thought none had been privy to but her ſelf, and her faithful *Druſilla*: This ſurpriſal, I ſay, made the Fair *Vicentina*, whoſe Complexion was naturally enclining to a lovely white, o'reſpread her Lilly Cheeks with a little Roſy bluſh; but recollecting her ſelf and Courage agen, ſhe thought it beſt for the Young folks to be as cunning, as the Old are ſly; and did not much doubt but the Counteſs Dowager, when at her Years, was as good at Diſſembling as any, eſpecially in matters of Love and Amour; in which

which the ſevereſt Moraliſt allow it, even though they made a Lye for it, ſo long as it is only an Officious and Jocoſe one. This put the Young Lady upon Impoſing on the Old, and upon this cunning Reply, *That her Lady Mothers will ſhould be alway a Law to her*; that ſhe had no thoughts of Matrimony, much leſs of any Clandeſtine Marriage, or ſo much as ſecret engagement: That ſhe was obliged to ſo tender and careful a Mother, for giving her ſuch good Advice, which ſhould be her conſtant endeavour to follow, for the making both her Mothers and her own Life comfortable: That Diſobedient Children would bring their own Golden Locks, as well as their Parents Grey Hairs with ſorrow to the Grave; That for her part, her own Countrymen appear'd to her the more amiable to make Husbands of: that to lye by the ſide of a Foreigner, an *Outlandiſh-Man*, differing in Speech, Cuſtome, Manners and Behaviour, muſt needs be but a

cold

cold Comfort, especially if they come out of so Cold a Country; that indeed, she had read and heard of *Switzerland*, and its Old Inhabitants the *Helvetians*; but that all the Account, both Ancient and Modern Authors gave of the Men, was that they had *Grim* and *Grizly* Countenances, *Bristly Beards*, and *Bushy Whiskers*; so that her Ladyship had no Reason to fear she had any Inclination for the new-comers from that rugged Country, of which they say this Stranger is one; Therefore, Dear Mother, do not afflict your self with such Jealous thoughts, for my Affections shall be certainly placed on some smooth handsome *English Man*, and no rugged Bear of *Bern* or *Switzerland*.

The Old Countess being a very good-natured Lady, and very *Godly given*, hearing her Daughter answer so *Pious*ly and so *Religious*ly, so Learnedly and Rationally too; seem'd very well satisfied with that *Evening-*

Lecture

Lecture she had given her; and was very glad the Young Lady abounded with so much *Grace*, as to *unfold* her Heart so Dutifully to her Mother, and to *fold down* in *it* all the *proofs* and *reproofs* she had given her, for *Edification*; not doubting but she would make good *Use* of her *Exhortation*; and that then there was no fear of any *Application* of any *Helvetian* whatsoever. Thus closed their Discourse, and upon them the Night together; all things seem'd hush'd for the Young Ladys happiness; but the Old Countess, though she went to bed seemingly satisfied, did not taste that repose the rest of Mortals enjoyed; *Sleep! Sweet Sleep!* That only Solace to the troublesome state of Human Life, had left her *wakeful* thought, and *watchful* Eyes; which neither Nights Sable Curtain, no more than those of her Bed could be said to close. Jealousy, which reigns in a Parents breasts, has all the Torments of a Lovers too, and

perhaps

perhaps more anxious and acute from the purer flame that kindles it: 'Twas a *Child* ſhe was concerned for; 'twas a *Child* ſhe feared might prove falſe to her, and treacherouſly miſcarry; and the Violations of the Bed cannot be more afflicting, than the breaking through the Bonds of Nature, the Belly and the Womb; the former may cauſe the Head to ake, but the latter muſt make the Bowels yern: This baniſh'd not only Reſt, but the very thoughts of it, with perplexing Arguments, and troubleſome Objections of her own raiſing; and who knows, ſays ſhe, to her ſelf, but theſe fair Anſwers ſhe gave me, may be full of Guile? paſſionate Love may prevail over the moſt Dutiful Affection: 'Tis an irreſiſtleſs Power, and ſo not to be truſted; and its powerful effects I found once to operate too ſtrongly in my ſelf, to truſt it in my Daughter: It would make even a Saint to diſſemble, and the ſincereſt Soul to turn Hypocrite;

Hypocrite; she is Young, Fair, and Rich; her Youth may make her Amorous, her Beauty to be much Courted, and her Fortune to be very fairly stole and carried off beyond the *Alps* or *Apennines*, by some *Swiss*, or swaggering Rodomontado; and then farewel Daughter, farewel Fortune, my joy, and my hope; and this Intriegue that is buz'd about, may notwithstanding her stiff denial, be a thing that has somewhat of truth in it, and is warning enough to me how to trust young Girls under Temptations. With this she raised her self more early than ordinarily from her uneasy Bed, and put in Execution a sudden Resolution, that was like to have changed all the Scene of this Amorous affair.

As soon as she was up, she calls to *Jacomo* her Coachman, and gives him private Instructions to get his Equipage ready; and when her self with the Young Mistress was seated in the Coach, to drive directly away for

for the Caſtle of *Ogliano*, their Country Seat; without expecting farther orders or inſtructions; all things being thus prepared, the Counteſs Dowager accoſts her Dear Daughter, juſt then awakened from a pleaſant Dream of Viſionary Love, and the imaginary Embraces of her Dear *Armadorus*; *She Dreamt* of flowry Fields, and purling Streams: The Groves and Grotto's of beguiled Lovers; beneath the Amorous Shades of one of thoſe, ſhe fancied her ſelf ſitting by the ſide of her admired Hero; and he as full of paſſion, Contemplating the perfections of his adored Miſtreſs: Their pointing Eyes were fix'd on each other, and ſhot thoſe flames their breaſts had kindled; their nimble Tongues ſupplied each others Story, and were always ſeconds to one another in ſome innocent and pretty Tale of Rival Lovers; of happy or unfortunate Amours. The Nightingale, that over their heads diverted them with his ſweet Notes,

put

put them in mind of the misfortunes of *Philomela*; and the Silver Swan on the Streams below, made them remember how proudly *Leda*, once enjoyed a God: The Grove, that with its ſhady Trees preſt upon the Grott wherein they ſate, ſeem'd to inſinuate to this Youthful pair, the happy ſtate of Old *Baucis* and *Philemon*, that under their rural Cottage, grew Grey and Aged with uninterrupted Bliſs, and undiſturbed Love; that ſuch Innocent ſimplicity the Gods themſelves did not diſdain to viſit, nor to Conſecrate into a Temple ſo homely a Cell: when from this pleaſing Covert, they were pleaſed to divert thoſe fixed Eyes from their ſtedfaſtneſs of eager *Intuition*; (which like that of *Angels* they could wiſh might be *Eternal*) and ſuffered them to Expatiate a little o're the Fields and Meads that lay before them, at the opening of the Grove wherein they ſate, where every Flower they ſaw ſeemed to repreſent

repreſent a new Scene of Love. The *Hyacinth* minded them of its pretty Metamorphoſis; the *Wild Mint* bid them remember the Fair *Minthe*, a Nymph of that Name once as fragrant and as ſweet: The yielding *Anamone*, wav'd about with every Wind, re-collected to their thoughts the Amorous ſtory of *Venus* and her Dear *Adonis*, whoſe Purple Blood the Flower had imbib'd; the lovely *Daffodil* that grew by ſome adjacent *Fountains* ſide, did *doubly* reflect and repreſent both the Love and Diſaſterous Fates of the Enamoured *Narciſſus*; ſo that they could not forbear from riſing up themſelves, and each of them to crop a Flower; and with a ſort of *ſelf-Love*, (though they only *Loved moſt* one another) to look a little in that fatal mirror that had coſt the lovely Youth his Life. The Laurel, ever green, made them wiſh their Loves to laſt as long, and be ſo too; and ſeemed to exhibit to them the fearful flight of Timerous *Daphne*; and

the

the eager purſuit of their Innocent Loves: and the Stock-Dove in the Grove, made them think on the change of *Semiramis*, or the Chariot of *Venus*: The Eccho often would repeat the pretty Terminations of their pleaſant Tales; and at the ſame the pratling Nymph ſeemed to tell her own.

The gliding River run their thoughts upon the Loves of *Arethuſa*, and *Egeria*: The Murmuring Brook would needs mutter out ſome ſoft ſtory, of ſome ſilent Lovers; and tell the Tales of *Byblis* and *Meander*; and the Fiſh that glided with the Streams (as mute as it is) would needs ſay ſomewhat too, and Record to theſe *retired Lovers*, the wondrous tranſmigrations of *Nais* and *Dercetis*; all that *Lovers Thoughts*, or *Poets Fancies* could invent, they ſeemed to have before their eyes; unleſs it were the fate of the Unfortunate *Actæon*, and the Diſcover'd Nakedneſs of the Revengeful *Diana*; but

Chaſter

Chaſter thoughts attended their more Innocent Loves and Speculations; and no ſuch wanton objects appeared in this *Dodona*-Grove, to pollute their purer Imaginations. Thus lull'd almoſt a ſleep, with the delightful variety of ſuch innumerable repreſentations of their Innocency and Love (this Fair Couple in this pleaſant Viſion, the Young Counteſs had) ſeem'd to lye down together on the Roſy Banks of a Murmuring Stream, where, with the bluſhing Roſes, was confuſedly intermixt the Amorous Myrtle, and minded them (even half a ſleep as they lay down) of the ſweet Bed of *Venus*; and the Paſtoral Amours of *Myrtillo*. But this bright Scene of ſome bleſt Elyſium laſted not long with the Charming and Enchanted *Vicentina*; for as ſhe Dream'd on, ſhe fancied all thoſe *ſoft enjoyments* of *ſweet Content*, ſeem'd on a ſudden to vanquiſh and diſappear. The Verdure of the Grove was changed into a Withering,

ing, Wan, and Yellow Complexion; the very Trees look'd as if they were *ſickning* with the *Jaundice*; the Leaves *droop'd* and *dropt* down before their Faces. The flowry Meads, and florid Fields, that ſmil'd under the feet of the Lovers that trip'd over them, began to look and languiſh, with a ſullen aſpect. The Raven, Owle, and Batt, and all the fore boding Birds of Night, and winged Omens of the Air, upon the Grotto where they ſate, were ſadly perch'd; and ſpitefully poſſeſt the Nightingale's ſweet place; and chas'd from thence the Turtle and the Dove, and brought the Baleful Story of hapleſs Lovers, and blaſted Love, to diſturb their thoughtful Imagination. The frightful Fables of *Corvus*, and *Nyctimine*, with the transformation of *Aſcalaphus*, awaken'd their ſlumbering Senſes, and interrupted their ſo ſweet Repoſe. The fate of *Pyramus*, and fall of *Thisbe*, made both to ſtart. The Ground ſo green but juſt before,

fore, ſeem'd ſtain'd with Blood; and the dreadful Lyon with his guilty Jaws, but half withdrawn within the Neighbouring Thicket: The Streams that flowed with little falls and ſofteſt Murmurs, unknowing how to glide, began to turn to Pools, and Stagnate; inſtead of murmuring ſounds, to Croke with Frogs that plunged from out the Weeds and Ruſhy Banks; as if the incenſed Goddeſs had made another Metamorphoſis of all the Ruſtick Inhabitants, for their ſurly rudeneſs: ſad *Progne Tereus*, and poor *Itis*'s Tale, took up her ſlumbering thoughts that only wak'd but now, to Dream ſo ſweetly: The clear Sky, and ſerene Air, that juſt before glar'd, and enlighten'd all the Hemiſphere, was dwindled into a few faint glimmerings, or a gloomy Miſt, juſt light enough to let them ſee the *harmleſs* Grals whereon one while they ſoft and *ſafely* trod, ſtrewed o're with Adders, Snakes and Serpents; whoſe hiſſing Heads,

and forked Tongues, did juſt o're-top the *bending blade which* ſeem'd to *move* from off the *ſpiteful Venom.*

While at her trembling Feet *a grave Old Matron ſtood, with grim* Meduſa's *Head, whoſe Curled-Locks ſeem'd falling on the Ground, and to produce thoſe Vipers in the Graſs.*

With this the frightned *Vicentina* wak'd, ſurpriz'd to ſee her Mother at the end of the Bed, and ſoftly opening of the Curtains; which, (perceiving her Daughter to ſtir) ſhe ſoon drew and ſaluted her with a Good-Morrow: The latter part of the Dream had put the Young Lady into a little Cold-Sweat; which the Old Counteſs took notice of; but the Fair Daughter as handſomely palliated the matter, by imputing it to her putting her Head under the Bed-Cloaths, while ſhe ſlept: but after this Melancholly Viſion that followed ſo pleaſant a Dream, the riſing Sun ſhone in upon the Bed,

and

and promiſed a glad and joyful Day; which occaſioned the Counteſs-Dowager to have a finer opportunity, for inviting the Young Lady to take the Air in her Coach, in ſo lovely a Seaſon.

Vicentina, that was always obſervant enough, did not much reſiſt her Mother's deſires, and was as ſoon dreſt; and with her Dear *Druſilla*, accompanied her to the Coach: but ſtill ruminating on the ſtrange Dream, and the wondrous Revolutions that had befel her in her laſt ſleep; the latter part ſhe was glad was but a Dream, and as ſorry that the former part of it was ſo too; for the verifying of which ſweet Repoſe ſhe could have ſlept Eternally: ſometimes ſhe thought this happy prelude of her Love, might portend as ſad a Cataſtrophe; and then agen her Reaſon ſway'd, and rejected Dreams as Fooliſh and Fantaſtick, and to have no other Effects or Events, but in the idle predictions of their dull Expoſitors; but by this

time the Driver (well inſtructed as before) began by his making ſuch haſte, to let the Young Lady ſee ſhe was not brought out only for to take the Air; for inſtead of gently driving round a pleaſant Hill, whoſe top advanc'd up to Serener Air, was all o're-grown with wholeſome Heath, whoſe dry and Thirſty cleſts gap'd down upon the watry Sea that waſh'd the barren Mountains fertile feet; and ſo afforded the lov'd proſpect to the longing ſight, of diſtant Waters bounded with the Skies. The furious Charioteer, (I ſay) inſtead of ſoftly driving round the pleaſant Mountains top, ran directly over it, with all the haſte his Horſes heels could make or carry: And then too late the Alarm'd Lady ſaw ſhe was deceived, and carried only from the expected ſight of her enamoured Lover, and a Youth ſhe ſo entirely Lov'd. This ſtruck a damp upon her Spirits, ſtill diſordered with her doubtful Dream; which as in-

ſignificant

ſignificant as ſhe forc'd her ſelf to think it, ſhe found now to be too truly foreboding; and ſo not able to ſupport her ſelf under the weight of ſo much grief and fear, fell down into the Arms of *Druſilla*, in a deep and dangerous ſwound; out of which, by the time they were arrived at the Caſtle of *Ogliano*, by *Druſilla*'s rubbing of her Temples, and [redacted] Old Lady's Adminiſtring to her [redacted]ſtril a Bottle of Exalted Salts, or Spirits, ſhe was ſomewhat recovered; under which Melancholly confinement we muſt leave her, to relate a little what befel the Noble and moſt Illuſtrious *Armadorus*.

After the Heroick Youth had Reſolved with himſelf, (as above related) to venture on a viſit where he found he was like to find a welcome; and that his being an unknown Stranger was like to be no ſuch bar to his languiſhing hopes and airy fruition; it was his misfortune or fate to defer the making his perſo-

nal Addreſſes, even to that very day that his adored Miſtreſs, who no leſs admired him, was ſo unexpectedly carried off, and raviſh'd from his ſight. The Apprehenſions perhaps they had of giving ſome Umbrage of their Amours to the jealous Mother, made them a little more cautious of coming together; but ſo it was, that wh[illegible] came, thinking to proſtrate him[illegible]t the Feet of the Fair *Vicentina*, he found ſhe had left the Town, and what was worſe, could not learn any news whether ever ſhe would return to it: This made him almoſt curſe his Deſtinies for their cruel diſpenſations, and next, himſelf for his ſupine neglect: To imagine that his adored Lady had left him for ſome new Rival, he thought was too profane and injurious to ſo good-natur'd, to ſo ſweet a Soul; and that ſo falſe an Heart could not inhabit in ſo fair and Angelick a Body; and therefore fixing his thoughts on the Faithfulneſs of the

the Fair one, where he had already fixt his Heart, he reſolv'd patiently to enquire for what Intelligence he could get, and of the manner of her going off; and long it was not before he was informed (this Amour beginning to be the talk of the Town) that the Counteſs-Dowager carrying her out one Morning, upon pretence of taking the Air, had convey'd her to her Country Seat, their famous Caſtle of *Ogliano*; ſome Twenty Miles diſtant from the City, where ſhe was detained under her Mothers Eye, with a great deal of Circumſpection: That the Old Counteſs had made all her Domeſticks to keep Watch and Ward over her; and that ſhe had committed her more eſpecially to the charge of one whoſe Duty it was to take care of Souls as well as Bodies; the Learned Signior *Caſtrucio Caſtrado*, a ſort of *Secular* Prieſt, whoſe Godly Admonitions could not but make her lead a Life very *Regular*: That the Young

Lady when ſhe perceived ſhe was thus deceived, by the cunning of the Old, fainted away in the Coach, as ſhe was hurried away. And what added yet more to the grief of the Young *Armadorus*, was, that he was alſo inform'd, all this ſeverity was ſhewn her upon his Account; and that the Counteſs-Dowager carried her away to this Confinement, meerly upon the Jealouſy ſhe had of his making her Addreſſes, and deſigning her viſits; and this indeed was the moſt inſupportable part of his ſufferings, That he, the wretched *Armadorus*, ſhould not only be the cauſe of his *own* misfortune, but ſo unfortunate as to make ſo ſweet a Creature ſuffer for his ſake: A Creature dearer to him than his *Life*, and for whoſe ſake he was ſo ready to Dye.

Thus Inſtigated by Love, and ſtimulated by Revenge, he reſolv'd to Storm the Caſtle of *Ogliano*; and as a true Knight-Errant, either to relieve

relieve the diſtreſſed Damoſel, or periſh in the Attempt; and forthwith order'd his Palfrey, which was of pure white, dappl'd with black ſpots, the very Emblem of his Miſtreſs in Affliction, to be richly compariſon'd in Accoutrements ſuitable to the Cauſe he had in hand, with this Device in his Shield, *Innocence Oppreſt*: but as he was going to beſtride his *Pegaſus* well Arm'd, (for if Love has Wings, a Lover's Horſe may have ſo too) upon which ſitting like another *Perſeus*, going to deliver his Dear *Andromeda*, there came to his Horſe's ſide a little Youth, or Squire, delivering him a Paper Seal'd, which having opened, found it contained the following words;

Sir,

IT *is too late,* Illuſtrious Armadorus, *to conceal thoſe paſſions we have hitherto ſo cautiouſly diſguiſed; I have been well informed of that Affection*

you have born me, and with so much modesty suppress't, lest your Love might be look'd on as presumption: but now that the noisy talk of a busy Town has made our most secret Amours, (to our selves hardly known) the subject of their Discourse, 'tis no longer in our powers to suppress even our most silent thoughts; and without the least breach of modesty, I am not ashamed to own, That Armadorus *his Affection, (of which my Eyes without much Information have been witnesses) doth deserve a better retaliation than is now in the power of poor* Vicentina *to return; my Mother's jealous thoughts has hurried her on to these extreams, to draw me from the harmless freedoms of your* diverting Town, *to confine me to her House, a sort of* Country Prison; *but my only Comfort under so melancholly a restraint, is, that I may yet be so happy as to have another sight of the Noble* Armadorus, *whose* absent *Person is supplied by the* presence *of his Idea in the breast of* Vicentina.

Love

Love and Honour had agreed to pull on both Boots before; but theſe warm Lines like the Spirits of good Wine, put ſuch a Spur in our Hero's head, that was ten times better than the tother two in his heels; which he clapp'd both preſently to the ſide of his Horſe, and ſo ſalli'd forth out at the *Weſtern* Port, impatient till he arrived to the preſence of that Fair Creature, whoſe obliging diſpoſition was ſuch as to Compaſſionate a poor Stranger's ſufferings, and to Crown his Affections with her own Love.

On the Road we muſt leave him, to return a little while to the Young Counteſs, and her faithful *Druſilla*, who had prevailed with *Vicentina*, ſince their paſſions for one another could no longer now be kept a ſecret, to let the Youthful *Armadorus* no longer languiſh in his prime: and having ſomewhat of a Voice, Sung for the diverſion of her melancholly Miſtreſs, while they were

ſitting

ſitting in the *Green-Chamber*, which was allotted them for their uſe; a kindneſs ſhewn her even under ſo ſevere Reſtraint; that Colour of all others being the beſt for the Eyes, which with Tears and Sorrow are frequently injured; and to divert both thoſe, *Druſilla*, I ſay, Sung her two or three of thoſe pretty Songs, ſuch as,

Gather your Roſe-buds while, &c.

O be kind my Dear, be kind,
While that I and you are Young;

And ſeeing a Tear or two ſtealing from her half cloſ'd Lids, ſtruck up her Notes to ſome words more newly Compoſed, appoſite as ſhe thought to the occaſion, *viz.*

Why are my Eyes thus alwaſt flowing?
Why doth my Heart ſo trembling move?
(&c.

The

The *Diverſion* that *Druſilla* had given her, even with the *Repetition* of her *Torments*, in ſuch Sonnets of Love as ſhe thought beſt ſuited her occaſion, though never ſo old or ordinary, ſhewing her affection for her dear and diſtreſſed Miſtreſs, more than any excellency in her ſelf for skill or performance: yet it had that effect, that it rouzed a little her Miſtreſs's dejected thoughts; and made her take down her Lute, that ſeem'd to hang melancholly by the Wall, conſcious of; and diſconſolate for its Ladies ſorrow; and laying it careleſs on her Lap, with a ſort of negligent indifferency, and with a Voice at laſt that neither ſighs nor ſorrow had alter'd from its excellency and perfection, Sung to the warbling Inſtrument, on which ſhe Play'd as well, this Mournful Air, in return to *Druſilla*'s merry Waggeries, with which ſhe ſo laboured to divert her.

I.

Tho' Confin'd my Body be,
My uncontrouled Soul is free;
And Conſcience *muſt have* Liberty.

II.

Love! ſurely then may crave the ſame,
Love! that move's the mighty frame;
And Love! that too from Heaven came.

The Old Counteſs Dowager paſſing by the Door from another Room, hearing her touch the Lute, made a ſtep back to liſten a little to the good effects of that Liberal Education ſhe had given her; and though ſhe was mightily taken with the gravity of the Notes, and the *Piety* of the Words, yet as Pious and *Conſcientious* as ſhe was, her *hard Heart* would not give her *tender Conſcience* leave to comply with the Paſſion and Amour of her deareſt Daughter.

While

While the Fair *Vicentina*, with her faithful *Druſilla*, were thus entertaining their too *ſenſible* melancholly with a *ſort* of Diverſion, they hardly had any *ſenſibility* how near their real Joy was Approaching them. But whether ſome *airy Genius*, what Old Philoſophical Heads perhaps dotingly called *Intelligences*, which may move *Sublunary* beings, eſpecially *Human*, as well as *Celeſtial* Orbs, or the diſtant Communication of Aerous, or Ætherial Attoms, agitated into eager and Tumultuous Motion by the Approaching Body, might by their Impulſe of Matter make ſome Impreſſion on remote Minds; and ſo verify a common Aphoriſm, by material Affections upon our ſenſible Organs, and make us viſibly and palpably perceive, *That Friends are never nearer, than when they are talk'd of.* (Though by the way, I think the Devil is ſaid to be ſo too). It was *Druſilla*'s chance, or neceſſitated Impulſe, after this ſweet effort upon her melancholly Inſtrument,

Inſtrument, to put her Miſtreſs upon the pleaſing Diſcourſe of her Admired as well as Enamour'd *Armadorus*; *And what*, ſays ſhe, *Madam, Who knows while you are lamenting your Captivity, but that your Redemption draweth nigh, and the Noble* Armadorus *may go through all difficulties to compaſs our deliverance, and Crown your happineſs?* The inſinuated thought had that *warm* effect, and ſenſible Impreſſion, as to fetch a deep ſigh from the bottom of her Young Ladies diſturbed Breaſt, which like the late *Miraculous Board* could not but *Groan* when touch'd with ſo *hot* an *Iron*; when ſuddenly they were ſurprized with a precipitous knocking at the Great Gate of the Caſtle of *Ogliano*, which cauſed as great Pulſation at their Young and der Hearts; but much more did they pant, when they ſaw the longed for *Armadorus* enter, with a Meen that carried Love and Victory before it. The Young Hero entring with the Civilities of

a Courteous

a Courteous Stranger, could not but be as Courteouſly received, having with him a Friendly Companion that accompanied him in the Journey; and coming as a Foreigner, that curiouſly deſired to ſee the Remarkable Seats and Situations of the Country; and the O'd Counteſs that much miſtruſted his Errand, yet becauſe ſhe thought it a thing then not ſo publickly known, could not her ſelf ſo handſomly refuſe him the Civilities of the Houſe; In which being entred, and ſate down, the eager *Armadorus*, that had no longer deſign to trifle and delay, declared to the Counteſs-Dowager, that the Errand that brought him there, was the Honourable Deſign he had of making his moſt unfeigned Addreſſes to the Incomparable *Vicentina*, her moſt Admired Daughter; and that he deſired no longer to *Live*, than he was ready to Sacrifice that *Life*, only to *Dye* at her Feet.

The

The Old Lady seemingly took no further notice of this; but only to return these warm expressions, with this cold Compliment, That Young Gallants were thus used to rally on the frailties of weak Women; and to ramble into wild discourses of their praises and perfections, only to shew their own Eloquence, and by commending *their* Sexes Excellency, to take an opportunity of setting forth their *own* Abilities: and so with an Amorous Smile, and a grave bow to the Fair *Helvetian*, would have forced off the Discoure from her Daughter's Amours, and (but that she was Married to the Noble Lord of *Ogliano*) could have wish'd the Addresses made to her self. (For the Charms indeed of our Hero was such, that they could excite Inclination even in Frosty Age, and Frozen Blood, as well as in the warmest Veins:) But *Armadorus* had other things to do now, than to dally, and that with an Old Gentlewoman; and

and ſo abruptly replied; *Madam, The Affection that I have declared for your Fair Daughter, though it ſeem not to affect you, yet I aſſure you is not meerly Complimental or Counterfeit, but a real Paſſion: It has been my Honour and Happineſs to have ſeveral times ſeen her*; but alas! *the firſt ſight was ſufficient to make ſuch an Impreſſion of her Beautiful Idea in my Heart, that all the remainder of my Life can never raiſe or eradicate.* He would have gone on; when the Tart Old Lady, with a Brow that wrinkled without a Frown, took him up as ſharply: *Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *Your ſtrange Addreſs is very ſurprizing to me; eſpecially that am unknown to you: and from you above all, who both by your* own *Accent, as well as* others *Report, are not only a Stranger to me, but the Country; and if you have ſuch an Affection for my Daughter, I muſt aſſure you, 'tis moſt Unfortunately plac'd, for to my knowledge ſhe has nothing like it for your ſelf.* This ſeemed a little

little *Poinant Sauce* to that *delicate Ragoust* ſhe had given him at firſt Reception; and was ſo far from pleaſing his *Guſto*, that it ſet his *Teeth* the more an *Edge*; ſo that the whetted and warm *Armadorus*, as ſharply, (though a little too inconſiderately for his Ladies ſake and ſafety, and indeed his own) and haſtily replied; *Know*, Madam, *then, that ſhe has an Affection for me, though it can never equal that of mine for her; and leſt you ſhould look upon theſe* words *too, for fineneſs of Speech, and Fantaſtick Compliments, here are Acts, Evidences, and Records for what I ſay*; and ſo in a ſudden Paſſion, that ſavoured more of Heat then Judgement, (for Love tranſported, many times terminates into Rage) pull'd out of his Pockets the Three Letters that came to his Hands, and offer'd them to her View. The Alarm'd Old Counteſs finding what ſhe had ſo long look'd for and miſtruſted, ſo fairly now to offer it ſelf, ſuffered

her

her Curioſity ſo far to overcome her reſentment, as to examine them; and ſeeing them ſomewhat to agree with her Daughter's Hand, if not the very ſame, diſſembles her Paſſion, to diſcover the depth of her Daughter's, (though two very different Affections of the mind) and ſo parting from the paſſionate Stranger, tells him ſhe'll Examine the Lady *Vicentina*, upon the Contents of thoſe Papers.

Rage now poſſeſſing her, inſtead of Reaſon, away ſhe runs up to the panting *Vicentina*, whoſe Heart ſeemed to labour under a Thouſand concerns for her Lover, for her ſelf, under Hope, Deſpair, Love and Anxiety; ſo that the Pulſations of her Breaſt could keep no Time; and went faſter than the Pendulum of her Watch: when the Old Lady entred, and began to ring the Alarum.

See, falſe *Vicentina*! See perfidious Girl! To what a ſad paſs you have brought

brought your ſelf and me! ſee the Inſtruments and Records of your Treacherous dealing with your *own* Mother, under your *own* Hand; diſſembling Creature! here are ſufficient proofs of that Intriegue I tax'd you with in the Garden, which you as Impudently diſowned to me, and denied; go on, and follow your own meaſures, but expect never more my bleſſing or favour, or ſo much as hereafter to ſee my Face.

Vicentina, ſupriſed at the ſight of thoſe Letters ſhe thought would not ſo ſoon have come to light; (which the paſſionate Imprudence of *Armadorus* had indeed too raſhly diſcovered) was at firſt too much confounded for a reply, but at laſt recollecting her ſelf, anſwer'd, *Dear Mother, have but a little moderation!* and let your wonted Prudence prevail over that preſent paſſion that ſways you: Conſider you are a Mother, and that it is your own only Daughter with which you are ſo enrag'd;

enrag'd ; and then you'l ſoon ſee, that ſimilitude of Hands is not ſufficient to Convict any Perſon; and that Letters have been often Counterfeited in matters of greater moment and concern, by dextrous and deſigning Knaves: And who knows but this poor Gentleman may be as much deluded as I am abuſed; for I diſown them utterly (looking upon thoſe *Druſilla* had Compoſed). This calmed a little the Impetuoſity of her Paſſion; and will you then aver this (ſaid the Old Counteſs a little more Calmly) to the Gentleman's *Face*? Yes, indeed, ſaid the cunning *Vicentina*, (who deſired nothing more than to ſee it) I am ready to aver it to his *Face*, and that my Hand was never to thoſe Writings; come then with me, ſaid the Counteſs-Dowager, and put an end to your Mother's trouble, and your own diſturbance; and let this deluded and abuſed Young Gentleman know what he has to truſt to; how much he

has

has been deceived; and that he puts an end to that Paſſion which will only run him into ſo many Inconveniencies, and in which he can *never* hope to accompliſh his deſires. This word *never* ſounding like Eternity, and Everlaſting Torment to *Vicentina*, had almoſt put her into a Swound, in which indeed ſhe might have paſt away to her Eternal Reſt: but her Mother's bidding her to follow, made her pluck up her Spirits, and go after; and *Dorſilla* attending both, deſcended into the great Hall.

Neither the Readers of Romances, nor of all the Fantaſtick flights of Poetry and Love; can truly deſcribe that *Embarraſs*, that perplexity, thoſe ſurprized Lovers lay under, when they ſaw themſelves ſo near together: Their Colours *came*, and *went* with their *Eyes*, changed like the *Camelions* with the *motions* of their *Body*; or like *variegated* Silks, with the diverſity of *Light*. *Armadorus*

dorus of a Complexion Fair and Ruddy, Enamel'd and ſet off with a deep black; and Locks that fell before his Face, like Curled Jet, that ſeemed to make a border to the Rubies of his Cheeks; could not at the ſight of his adored Miſtreſs, and the Conſciouſneſs of ſomewhat he had done amiſs, ſuppreſs his boiling Veins from ſending up into his well-tempered Countenance, a guilty and diſordered Bluſh: *Vicentina*, of a moſt Comely Viſage, and the Faireſt Skin, ſuch as uſually accompanies thoſe of that Fair Sex, who have the glorious gift of Golden-Locks and Amber-Hair; could not but Re-ſalute her Amorous *Armadorus* with as modeſt a Bluſh, and as concern'd one too, knowing what ſhe was about to do, that is, to deny their Correſpondence, and that Love he knew ſhe bore him: The difference in their Countenances moſtly appeared in this; that the *Helvetian* from his Sanguine Complexion, was

a little too much flush'd from the eager Blood that so furiously flew thither; while the Young Countess's upon this Interview, seemed only to tinge her Cheeks with the Veins that rose to visit her Face, and to Damask that Lilly-white Skin with a little Rosy Stian, to *Paint* with her *Blood* instead of *Wool* and *daubing*; and by that *acquired* Beauty alone, she added a new lustre to her Native and *Natural* brightness.

But the Grave Matron, the Lady-Mother, soon interpos'd between these kind Communications of their *Souls* (that seemed a *transfusing* with their *Blood*) by stepping in between their *Bodies*; she was afraid they might commit *Matrimony* with their *Eyes*, since her Rigid Divines had told her that *Fornication* and *Adultery* could be committed with a *look*. And she had heard somewhat of the Courtship of *Italians*, *That could blow Kisses from one side of the Street to the other*; *Communicate a thought with the twinkling*

twinkling of an Eye; ſend a Billet doux *with the liſp of a Lip, and tell a long Story on the tops of their Fingers:* This made her the more eager to make an *End* of the buſineſs, before it was *began* to be Examined; ſhe had learnt the Leſſon at the laſt Lecture, *Evil Communication corrupteth good Manners*; and ſo without any more Ceremony, accoſts her Daughter. Here is a *Strange* Man, ſays ſhe, *Vicentina*, that not only pretends Love to you, but what is more *ſtrange*! ſays you are as much in Love with him! and what is *ſtrangeſt* of all, ſhows Letters under your Hand for it (as he pretends); but as you ſatisfied me, Daughter, before I came down with you, ſo let the poor Gentleman know, that this is ſome Forgery and abuſe put upon him by ſome of the Debauch'd wild Fellows of the Town, and the naughty Women, with which it abounds, that have no *Grace* of God before their Eyes; 'tis pity ſuch a Gentleman of

ſo good a Preſence, and Stranger too, ſhould have ſuch tricks put upon him; but 'tis a ſuch filthy Town, fye upon it!

The Young Lady (abounding with as much *quickneſs* of *Wit*, as the Old one did with an *haſty Paſſion*) finding her ſelf reduced to this preſſing extremity, either to offend and Exaſperate a Mother already too much enraged, or elſe to run a Man ſhe lov'd the moſt of all men, into the greateſt Confuſion and Deſpair: wiſely choſe rather to offend him for a little while, whom ſhe thought ſhe could ſooneſt pleaſe, than her Mother, whoſe fury if ſhe had farther provok'd, ſhe thought never to be appeaſed; and ſo made this dextrous Reply, and well-contrived Diſcourſe, with a Meen and Countenance made up with a well compounded Temperament of a filial Duty and a Faithful Love, ſuch as might handſomely ſerve the Turn, and was adapted to the Time.

Madam,

Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, I muſt always acknowledge your tender care in my Education; and that I cannot make ſufficient returns for that Motherly Affection you have always ſhown me; and ſhould I do any Act contrary to your good liking, much leſs be guilty of downright Diſobedience, I muſt needs be the vileſt Creature Living. And as for this Gentleman, with whom you challenge me to have had ſuch intimate Correſpondence, as to ſend him the Letters here produced, I do declare before him and you, (taking up one of thoſe *Druſilla* had imitated her hand in) that this is none of my writing; that ſome perſon has Counterfeited my Hand to abuſe both the Gentleman and my ſelf; and as for this worthy Gentleman, (for ſo his preſence beſpeaks him;) He is a Stranger to me, and with whom I never had any Converſe: 'tis true indeed, I have ſeen him often in the great Church, Madam, when at my Devo-

tions, and frequently ſeen him paſs the Streets, without being ever in his Company; nay, I have *praiſed* him, as well as heard him *Commended* for a Comely Perſon (and the Gallant Stranger, I think may deſerve ſo much Commendation); but I hope, Madam, all this may be done, without any injury to Modeſty; much leſs be ſo maliciouſly interpreted, as to be made matter of Love and Amour. If the *Noble* Foreigner (for I muſt give the *Gallant* Perſon, though unknown, ſo much his due, that I think him of no mean Birth and Deſcent) has made himſelf ſo unhappy as to be in Love with me, that am never like to be his, and who am ſubject wholly to your Maternal diſpoſal, it muſt be attributed to his misfortune, and not to my fault; all that I can ſay to him is, that perhaps he deſerves a better Miſtreſs to Crown his Affections, and that in his *own Country*, where his Perfections being *more* known, are

are certainly *more* Eſteem'd and valued.

She would have gone on, and perhaps in ſome further Panegyrick; but the Counteſs-Dowager began to be afraid of theſe fine words; and was glad her Daughter diſowned the Letters, and was willing ſhe ſhould break off with our Hero, juſt where ſhe had Complimented him back again into his *own Country*, and where the Old Lady wiſh'd him with all her heart. And ſo was as officiouſly ready to ſhew the Stranger out of doors, faſter than he came in.

Armadorus, that was got on ſo far in his Affair, in a *ſtrange* Country to meet with ſuch an Embarraſt Intriegue, was almoſt *eſtranged* from himſelf; and like *Strangers* in an Houſe where they were never before, knew hardly the way where he came in, or by which way he was to get out; when the Young Lady's heart began to *ake*, for the very Per-

plexity that *his* was in: and with as much *Wit* as *Good-humour*, told her Mother, *That* ſhe hop'd ſhe would look on it only as a Specimen of that Good breeding ſhe had beſtow'd upon her, and not in the leaſt an Indication of her Love and good liking to the unknown Stranger, if ſhe thought it was but handſome if her Ladyſhip ſhewed him the Civilities that are commonly due to Strangers; and which ſhe thought even ſhe her ſelf might do without any breach of Modeſty, upon Condition he would ceaſe all other pretences; and that without the Intimacy of Love and Affection; Pity and Compaſſion required ſome Courteſy to be ſhown the Gentleman that had been ſo baſely Impoſed upon, and *Deluded*. This made the Old Counteſs relent a little, and make the Aſtoniſh'd *Armadorus* a cold Invitation to ſtay *Dinner*. But his Stomack was full with the *Breakfaſt* they had given him: However this

cunning

cunning Diſcourſe of *Vicentina*, gain'd that point, that the ſtay was prolonged; and that the Mother's Eyes did not ſo exactly watch the Lovers: when *Armadorus* perceiving ſome Emotions in the breaſt of *Vicentina*, (who had withdrawn her ſelf, either by Accident or Deſign, to the remoteſt part of the Room) eagerly ſteps up to the Window where ſhe ſtood, and with a ſubmiſſive Voice, as well as geſture, thus briefly and paſſionately Expreſſes himſelf. *And is it true then, Madam*, that I am this Poor, Miſerable, Deluded, and abuſed Perſon? Are none of thoſe dear Lines then your own; that I have *hugg'd* ſo long, as *the Records* of my *Happineſs*, Treaſured as the *Evidences* of my *Life?* Ten thouſand times more dear to me than thoſe of my *Eſtate?* Alas! wretched *Armadorus*, *doubly wrack'd to periſh in the Port:* Conſider, Compaſſionate Madam, a Periſhing, ſinking Man; *A Shipwrack'd Stranger, beaten on your Shoars; and*

lend one helping hand to keep the next Wave from waſhing him away: Tho' I may have been ſo miſerably impoſed upon as to found my Happineſs upon a malicious piece of *Forgery* of your Letters; yet I am ſure, I am not miſtaken in your Ladyſhip, in your Perſon; that is too pure to be *Counterfeit*; and the firſt ſight I had of it, made too deep an impreſſion in my breaſt, that I ſhould be deceived in its Idea.

If *Vicentina*'s Heart was ſo *ſoft* before, you may be ſure it was now *melting* away at theſe *tender* expreſſions from a perſon ſhe as *tenderly* Lov'd; her Eyes *trembled* and *twinkled* like two little *Stars*, that were *fixt* on him, tho' they *moved* in their own Orbs; her *Lips* quaver'd for an anſwer they were hardly *able* to deliver, and her *Tongue* that would have *ſpoke*, *falter'd*; her *Breaſts heaved* and *ſtrugled* with thoſe *ſighs* ſhe ſo violently endeavoured to *ſuppreſs*; her *heart failed her* for having uttered ſo much already,

already, as to make her Dear *Armadorus* believe ſhe had *failed him.*

But perceiving her Mother to be more regardleſs ſince the matter ſeemed to be cleared now; or elſe caſually gone out of the Room, ſhe took Courage to make this Ingenious Reply and Confeſſion; *Sir*, You are indeed, as I have truly confeſſed to my Mother, an utter *Stranger* to me: having never till now had any Diſcourſe with you; this you know to be true, as well as my ſelf; and your indiſcretion (which pardon if I call it ſo, when perhaps it might be imputed to the ardour of your Affection) having ſo raſhly expoſed thoſe Letters to my Mother's view, has put me into great pain how to Extricate my ſelf and you from that labyrinth of difficulties to which that raſh adventure has expoſed us to; I can't but confeſs that I have a great deal of *eſteem* for your Perſon; and were you not a Stranger to our Nation, it might bear the *name* of *Love*; but

but alas! ſuch is my misfortune, that I dare not call it by the *right name*; and for thoſe Letters you have produced, though I might really diſown them, as I did, they having not been *Penn'd* by me, at leaſt the firſt; yet I muſt own I was not altogether a ſtranger to their *Penning*; and what I've ſaid, and done, has been both with a ſalvo to my Conſcience and Reputation, as well as for your Intereſt, and a further Correſpondence.

The tranſported Youth could hardly contain himſelf, but burſting out into this Extatick Expoſtulation; And am I then brought back from the *Gulph* of *Deſpair*, to be *plunged* into an *Abyſs* of *Eternal Happineſs*? He would have *dilated* himſelf into more *Pathetick* Exclamations, and turned all the *Art* of *Rhetorick* into *Ecphoneſis* and *Hyperbole*; but time cut him ſhort, and put him upon the Apoſeiopeſis; —— leaving her to Expound what he would have ſaid had he not been forc'd to this abrupt ſilence:

ſilence: but, *Madam*, added he (to begin where your Ladyſhip ended) where may be this happy place, where I may have one hour of your farther Converſation, or Correſpondence? Is there no Grove, nor Grot, no Wood, nor Covert, no quiet Retirement near your Houſe, where I may have ſome ſecret acceſs to your Perſon? for tho' our Affections are no way Criminal; more Innocent than thoſe of our firſt Parents in Paradiſe; and that we need not ſo much as a Fig-leaf to cover us; yet I'le venture through any dangers and difficulties to bring my Affairs to that happy period, and prize that one moment of my Life, more than all my Years that are paſt, or whole Ages that are to come: The Young Lady, like Lovers that are loath to loſe time; let him know, that behind their Palace-Garden, (or juſt at the end of it) there was a little place of no common acceſs, to which if he would repair ſuch a Night, ſhe would be found there; in the mean time

time adviſing him to take the ſooner leave to give the leſs umbrage to the Mother, who by this time too was returned into the Great-Hall; and ſeeing her Daughter as it were in ſome Diſcourſe with the Stranger, moving up toward them, — *Armadorus* Addreſt himſelf in this manner, *Madam*, ſince it is my misfortune to be ſo treacherouſly impoſed upon by ſome abuſive Villains, that deſigned maliciouſly to abuſe your Daughter as well as my ſelf; I am reſolved to make my utmoſt effort for the diſcovery of thoſe Execrable Authors, not ſo much for my own ſake, as for the good Ladies that ſuffers with me: It was indeed my haſty Ambition, raiſed by the excellencies of this Ladies perfections, that made me ſo eaſily credit thoſe Counterfeited Impoſtors; my Credulity I now as much Condemn, as I do my Deſtiny, that has brought me to this unhappy diſappointment; I only wiſh this Fair Lady a Perſon anſwerable to her

Birth

Birth and deſerts, and humbly take my leave of both.

The Old Counteſs glad to ſee the Affair ſo finely daſh'd, was as loath now to part with the Youthful *Helvetian*; and could have wiſh'd her ſelf almoſt Unmarried for his ſake: but the Young Hero, the better to take of all ſuſpicion, pretended the Poſt he was in, and his relation to the Publick, required his preſence, and precluded him from thoſe Civilities ſhe intended him; and ſo with a languiſhing Eye, and as ſorrowful *Heart*, he made his *Obeyſance* to her that commanded *it*, with a Courteous though more negligent bow to the Old Lady, and ſo left them: but far from thoſe diſconſolate thoughts that he once thought he ſhould have parted with; his whole mind, and all the faculties of his Soul were ruminating upon the happy hour, and the place wherein he was to have the Company of her, for whom he could have gone a Pilgrimage over the Globe.

time adviſing him to take the ſooner leave to give the leſs umbrage to the Mother, who by this time too was returned into the Great-Hall; and ſeeing her Daughter as it were in ſome Diſcourſe with the Stranger, moving up toward them, — *Armadorus* Addreſt himſelf in this manner, *Madam*, ſince it is my misfortune to be ſo treacherouſly impoſed upon by ſome abuſive Villains, that deſigned maliciouſly to abuſe your Daughter as well as my ſelf; I am reſolved to make my utmoſt effort for the diſcovery of thoſe Execrable Authors, not ſo much for my own ſake, as for the good Ladies that ſuffers with me: It was indeed my haſty Ambition, raiſed by the excellencies of this Ladies perfections, that made me ſo eaſily credit thoſe Counterfeited Impoſtors; my Credulity I now as much Condemn, as I do my Deſtiny, that has brought me to this unhappy diſappointment; I only wiſh this Fair Lady a Perſon anſwerable to her

Birth

Birth and deſerts, and humbly take my leave of both.

The Old Counteſs glad to ſee the Affair ſo finely daſh'd, was as loath now to part with the Youthful *Helvetian*; and could have wiſh'd her ſelf almoſt Unmarried for his ſake: but the Young Hero, the better to take of all ſuſpicion, pretended the Poſt he was in, and his relation to the Publick, required his preſence, and precluded him from thoſe Civilities ſhe intended him; and ſo with a languiſhing Eye, and as ſorrowful *Heart*, he made his *Obeyſance* to her that commanded *it*, with a Courteous though more negligent bow to the Old Lady, and ſo left them: but far from thoſe diſconſolate thoughts that he once thought he ſhould have parted with; his whole mind, and all the faculties of his Soul were ruminating upon the happy hour, and the place wherein he was to have the Company of her, for whom he could have gone a Pilgrimage over the Globe.

Globe. The Evening being coming on, it being not long after the laſt interview; the Gallant *Armadorus* (that never violated his promiſe to any *Man*, you may be ſure would leſs fail a *Woman*, and one to whom his very Soul was devoted) ſet forth from the City where his Poſt *was*, toward the place where his tender Heart was to *be*: a more agreeable encounter than the pointed Pike, or Steeled Javelin; and the ſoft Lips of his beloved Lady made him March more contentedly than he was wont againſt the Roaring Mouth of a Cannon: Tho' *Pallas* and *Bellona*, with our Hero, had their Charms too, as well as the fineſt *Juno*, or faireſt *Venus* of them all; but here in his Adored Miſtreſs he thought them *all* met, *all* that was *Deity*, all that was *Divine*.

It was about the dusk of a Ruddy Evening, that promiſed a fair Day, when the ſinking Sun had fringed the neighbouring Clouds with a glorious Reflection, that he rid out from the Renowned

Renowned City, toward the ſweet place of his Amorous Rendezvous; and his Journey being *Weſtward*, had the *glaring beams* of that little *glimmering* Light that was left, reflected on his Face; this he looked on as a good Omen and Preſage to his future Succeſſes, of which he was as Ambitious, as that *Perſian* that obtain'd a Crown by firſt ſeeing the Sun to riſe; and ſo indeed might well Worſhip it: *all* that was *bright*, all that was *glorious* to him, was to meet him amidſt the very *Shades* of *Night*; and which like a *Phoſpherus* could *ſhine* beſt even through the thickeſt *Darkneſs*.

All things were huſht, and Nature in repoſe, nought but theſe watchful Lovers was awake; the very Birds of Night were percht and faſt aſleep, forgetful of their time to roam abroad? ——Forgive, *Druſilla*, that we thee forget, thou careful, faithful Creature to them both, and 'twas for both of them you Centry ſtood, you with them wak'd for both.

both. —— Whilſt in this quiet ſeaſon of *ſtill* Night, the lovely *Armadorus* did arrive, ſo ſtill it was, they heard his Horſes hoofs that at a diſtant did rebound and ſhook the trembling Earth, and *Vicentina*'s ſympathizing Heart.

The gay *Helvetian*, led by Love, (as blind as the little god is ſaid to be) prov'd a good Guide and Guardian Angel, bringing him directly to the Poſtern-gate of that Garden, where they had appointed to meet: *Armadorus* approaching, could diſtinguiſh even the ſoft whiſperings that paſt between *Druſilla* and his deareſt Miſtreſs from the eaſy repercuſſions that were made on ſo free and open an Air; and found his heart affected with a more than ordinary tranſport at ſo joyful an approach; no ſooner did he alight at that Gate of his Paradiſe, where there was no Angel, no Flaming Cherub placed to drive him off, but invite him in; no ſooner did he make a ſign of

Knocking

Knocking, and a ſoft Whiſper through the Keyhole, but *Druſilla* was ready to let into the *Arms* of her *Miſtreſs*, the Noble Youth, whom ſhe knew to be *Maſter* of her *Heart*: *Armadorus*, after his awful Reſpects paid, with the Licenſe of a Lover, took the liberty to take the fair *Vicentina* by the Hand, and conducting her to a ſoft Bank of Moſſy-graſs, and the moſt convenient place for them to ſeat themſelves on at ſuch a diſtance from the finer Walks of the Houſe, where they might not be heard, much leſs ſeen; The Young Lady, with the liberty that one might well be allow'd to take that lov'd ſo well, began to chide more lovingly, than angrily, his raſh diſcovery of thoſe Letters to the Lady-*Dowager*, enough to have undone them both for ever, had ſhe not ſo ſhuffl'd the Cards, as to get a good after-game at laſt. *Armadorus* had nothing to urge in his Defence, but his Paſſion for her ſelf alone, that tranſported his Reſent-

ment

ment beyond his Reaſon; and hoped that ſince he was ſo willing and ready to bear her kind Rebukes; ſhe would as kindly, and as eaſily forgive his Tranſgreſſion, into which the blindneſs of his Love and Paſſion had cauſed him to fall; and that now, ſince it was their happineſs, as to be able to concert Matters together more freely; they would be capacitated to manage them the better for the future. They were both agreed (you may be ſure) to be very indulgent to one another, and neither could ask the leaſt modeſt Requeſt, which, either for his part was not as ready to grant; ſo this Pardon was granted as ſoon as askt.

Armadorus preſſing of her fair hand, could not but imprint on her Cherry Lips an eager Kiſs; which ſhe ſuffer'd rather to be *ſtolen* then allow'd, only perhaps that it might ſeem the *ſweeter*: The Starry Sky, with the Luſtre their own brightneſs and beauty brought with it, afforded them Light

Light enough to diſcover one anothers Perfections; and thus ſate theſe embracing Lovers repeating their paſt Adventures with a pleaſantry that ſweetned the Diſcourſe from the difficulties they had paſt; and contriving how to prevent all Dangers, Diſturbances, and Interruptions for the future. Whilſt *Druſilla* had now changed her Poſt, and was keeping of *Watch* and *Ward* near the great Door of the Garden that came out from the Caſtle of *Ogliano*; and as vigilantly proud of her Office, as the Centry-Gooſe that ſav'd the *Capitol*.

Thus ſate the Lovers ſafe, claſpt in each other Arms, whilſt their very *Souls* ſeem'd to ſympathiſe with the motions of the *Body*; ſhrunk up, and hugg'd themſelves in ſilent Joy to find themſelves bleſt with ſo much ſucceſs, and ſo near the Conſummation of their perfect bliſs. *Vicentina*, from the ſilence of the Night, and the ſolitude of the Place, could not but recollect the

the foreboding Dream she had the Morning before her Mother hurried her away; and at length repeated it to her Dearest *Armadorus*, who pleas'd with the beginning of it, dissatisfied with the end, and surprised at the whole, comforted her in these words, —*Had it not been, Dearest* Vicentina, the designs of our Fates and Destinies (though through many Difficu'ties, by which they only endear their Blessings) to make us at last happy, they had never permitted us those happy Minutes we now enjoy. 'Tis a Maxim among the blindest Heathens, and taught by Christians too in their Schools, that their Fate, or our Providence, never order'd any thing in vain. Those Stars that we see there twinkling above us, are not only Witnesses, and the only too, of our unfeigned Loves; but the Archives and Records, where the future Events of it, and our Fate is writ. You I invoke, (you fixed ones, I mean) whether our Destinies be not as unmovable as your selves;

ſelves; therefore do not, deareſt Lady, diſtract your ſelf with dreadful Apprehenſions from thoſe Bugbear Dreams that terrify, or hug your ſelf with thoſe that flatter: They are only the imaginary viſionary Excurſions of licentious Thoughts when all Senſe and Reaſon is lockt up. And thoſe fantaſtick *Seers* of old, that fondly fancied they ſaw ſuch *Viſions* in their *Dreams*, the wiſer Criticks in our *latter* Age, have expounded it, That they only dreamt they ſaw ſuch *Viſions*: Thoſe and the Oracles ceaſed long ſince together, and we have had no Revelations ſince thoſe of St. *John*. The Iſle of *Old Albion* (thanks be the Stars) lies far off from that of *Patmos*; and as for Conjuring-books, they are only believ'd by Block-heads in a Country Fair, where the *Devil* holds the *Candle*, while the *Fools* throw the *Dice*. — And be aſſured, That the Iron Book of *Fate* is not ſo eaſily turn'd over as thoſe fooliſh ones of *Fortune*; and by the former 'tis *decreed*,

creed, That you, Madam, must be *mine*, and that *Armadorus* is reserv'd for no body but *Vincentina*.

The young Lady that was a little dejected with silly apprehensions, lik'd these comfortable Consolations very well; but being Religiously Educated by the Godly Mother, and so vertuously bred, thought the discourse a little loosely lay'd out upon so Sacred a Subject as Providence; but then she considered the Young Gallant again as a Soldier, and unconfin'd by those narrow notions of Mystical Divines, (whose business is only to be *Polemical* in Disputes, (that is) a Combat of words) while Military Men whose *Salvations* generally lye with them in their *Hands* or their *Heels*, *never* trouble themselves with Metaphysicks, or any Abstracts but those from good Liquors; and whose best Divinity, next to a Mistress, is alway found in a Bottle or a Glass of brisk Wine; besides the notions of Irreversib'e Fate and Eternal Decree, as they founded well

in

in her Ears ſince that ſecured her happineſs; ſo it did not come ſo ſtrangely from a Soldier of Fortune; for *Predeſtination*, tho' ſome malicious and Popiſh *Arminians* may make it a *Mahometan* Principle, will make a *Chriſtian* Fight like a *Turk*, and is the moſt ſerviceable Doctrine in any *Camp* or *Engagement*; and glad was the Young Lady ſhe could plead *unavoidable neceſſity* for *Inevitable Matrimony*. This ſhe knew would make the Pious Mother more cautious how ſhe oppos'd *Deſtiny*, or her being *Predeſtinated* for her dear *Armadorus*.

Theſe Rovings, and Rallying diſcourſes, while time and the Night lay upon their Hands, helpt them on to paſs both away, intermixing with thoſe more ſerious and ſullen obſervations, ſome pleaſant Sallies of Love and Amour: But *Druſilla* coming up from the Houſe-ſide, to inform them that ſhe heard the Cocks begin to clap their Wings, and were juſt going to Crow, they thought it time

to fall to their buſineſs; looking up too to the Skies, and perceiving a Dawning Azure to break out from behind the Sable Curtain of the Night, which was juſt a drawing, and which haſted them to theſe neceſſary Reſolves, 1. That their meetings ſhould be more frequent. 2. That *Vicentina* ſhould without the Old Counteſs's leave now come again to her City-Manſion: and ſo Sealing their agreement with a Kiſs more ſofter than Wax, ſoon parted, the one to his dark Ramble, —— And the other to her dainty Bed.

And a dark Ramble indeed did it prove to the diſtreſſed ſtranger: For inſtead of mounting his *Pegaſus* at his return as eaſily as when he firſt ſet out, he found the wanton Beaſt had broke his Bridle, and took his Airy flight o're Hedges and Ditches; theſe were great rubs in a Stranger's way in a ſtrange Country; *Sed quid non Cogit Amor*; after he muſt, through Wind and Weather, Wet and Rain; and tho'

Love

Love is ſo kindly deſcrib'd by flattering Poets, to carry his Torch and Flambeaux about him, it favour'd him here no more than an *Ignis Fatuus*; for like a *Will with a Whiſp* it led him only through *Bogs* and *Ditches*; and had the poor *Helvitian* been put in this diſtreſſed condition (even in his own Country) it had infallibly coſt him his Neck over ſome horrid Precipices of their Mountainous *Alps*; but Fate had reſerv'd him, as he Propheſied before, for better Fortune; and to have more *ſoft* and eaſy *falls* into the Marriage-Bed, and the longing-Arms of his admired Miſtreſs; for though the day was not dawn'd enough when he fell into this diſtreſs, to give him a diſtant proſpect of his ſtrayed Beaſt; yet the Sky clearing by that approaching Light, which the riſing Sun drove before him upon their Horiſon from the adjacent Hemiſphere, gave the ſtragling *Helvetian* the happineſs to ſee his *Palfrey* ſweetly grazing in a fat Paſture

ſome few Fields off: Theſe were ſad diſaſters *Love* led him into; but he had done much formerly for *Honour*, and now would do more for *Love*; the Hedges he was to paſs, were well *lin'd*, not with *Muſketeers*, but Pike-men, thick Briars and Thorns; but through theſe he brake with a Reſolution, that ſhew'd that thoſe that dare venture their *Lives*, will never value their fineſt *Cloaths*, nor the faireſt *Skin*; which had the relenting *Vicentina* known to have ſuffer'd the leaſt *Scratch*, it would have given *her* a deeper *wound*. But *Heroes* never value light hurts! Glad he was that the Man had got his Mare or Horſe again; which *beſtriding* with a thundring *Rebuke*, and *girding* him with a *Revengeful* Spur, ſprang furiouſly over the firſt Mound or Fence into the Neighbouring Highway, where being utterly unacquainted with the Roads, erroneouſly rid the direct contrary; and was almoſt come again to the Gate of that Enchanted Caſtle.

that detain'd his diſtreſſed Damoſel; loath he was to be diſcover'd to have been thereabouts, and to fall into the Hands of any of the Guards or Yeomanry of the Counteſs-Dowager, who by this time were ſtragling out to their ſeveral Poſts and Stations; but by good Fortune ere he came within their Ken, an honeſt Country Peaſant, unknowing as well as uncapable to dive into Love-Intrigues, had innocently as well as civilly put the ſtragling ſtranger in the right way, which brought him a little out of the perplexed Labyrinth of his *Country* affairs, to ruminate a little on them in the *City* with more *Repoſe*.

It was the Young Counteſs's ſole concern now, how to come up to the Capital City of that Province, to concert Matters according to agreement with her Dear *Armadorus*: To come up with the Mother's Privity, lookt like an Inſuperable difficulty; and to ſteal away clandeſtinely, would raiſe in her the greater Jealou-

ſy; ſo that this was a task that requir'd a ſerious Conſultation between *Druſilla* and her ſelf; but ſo pregnant is the Wit of Woman, that it is ſeldom at a loſs for Contrivances: Her faithful *Druſilla*, that never fail'd her, had found out this Expedent; To propoſe to the Lady-mother Her readineſs to Embrace thoſe Propoſals made her by the Young Signior *Ricco* (a Perſon for whom the Old Counteſs had a great deal of Inclination, both for his Perſonal qualities as well as his Wealth and Eſtate); And that it was neceſſary to bring Matters ſooner to a Concluſion, that the Young Lady ſhould reſide ſome time in the City, where the Young Gentleman was arriv'd, till all things were ſettl'd to both their Satisfaction, and ready for Conſummation; this Project of *Druſilla*'s being well laid, was lik'd as well by *Vicentina*; and ſo both dreſſing it up in the beſt manner they could, offer'd it to the conſideration of the Counteſs-Dowager: The good

Old

Old Lady was ready to melt into Tears at this dutiful compliance of her dear Daughter; Propheſied of nothing but Showers of Bleſſings, the Dew of Heaven to deſcend upon her Head; and ſo gave her her own Benediction into the bargain, and began to Expound in a long Paragraph upon the Fifth Commandment.

The reſult of it was, That the Young Counteſs was to be Conducted the next Morning in her Coach, well attended, to the City, to reſide there in a fair Manſion-Houſe, the reſidence formerly of the Old Counteſs of *Albania*, and to what the Young Counteſs after the Mother's deceaſe was Heir apparent. *Vicentina* could hardly Sleep that Night, you may imagine, for ruminating on the Bleſſed arrival of the next Morning. All her Dreams (if ſhe had time to ſlumber into any) were all of happy Lovers here above, and the bleſt abodes, and *Elyſian* ſhades below:

The next rising Sun, which could not prevent her from being up first, found her drest and apparell'd for her Journey; and with his kind Beams saluted her to make it look more auspicious; which (after a little warm Collations of Caudles and Sack-posset, which the Old Countess could excellently well prepare) she soon undertook, parting from her tender Mother with an *Heavy* Countenance, and as *light* an Heart, letting her know as her last words at departure, (which put the Lady-Dowager into a joyful fit of Tears and Extasy) that she hop'd soon to see her self up to their City-habitation, to see her joyn'd in that Holy Matrimony she intended for her; and so left the good Old Lady in the Arms of her Maids, ready to melt away for Joy.

It is a *Latin* Aphorism well known and receiv'd, *That he that knows not to Dissemble, knows as little how to Rule*; and this Maxim holds as good in *Loves* most *Universal Empire*, where that

that artful Diſimulation ſubverts ſufficiently the doting Project of the Salick Law; And Women, Women only truly know how to *Reign*. The deceiv'd Lady-*Dowager* being ſo dexterouſly manag'd, it was now the Young One's task, with her Truſty *Druſilla*, how to carry the *Knife* between the *Apple* and *Paring*, in ſo publick a Town where every bodies Eyes were upon her; and how ſhe ſhould carry her ſelf to her Mother's Favourite, Signior *Ricco*, without diſguſting *Armadorus*, her Deareſt Intimado; and this the Cunning *Vicentina*, with her Crafty *Druſilla*, did alſo moſt effectually accompliſh: For receiving the former with much Civility and Reſpects, tho with more Coldneſs and Indifferency, his Viſits were more publickly admitted, ſo that he might paſs for the only Perſon from whom ſhe admitted Addreſſes of that kind, that might be call'd Courtſhip; while *Armadorus*'s Entertainments were more privately, more kindly

receiv'd, with a ſort of warmth of Affection that ſufficiently aſſur'd him he had no great reaſon to fear the moſt Potent and Richeſt Rival. When in Converſation with thoſe of her own Sex, ſhe was wont to be ſuddenly ſeiz'd with thoughtful Sullenneſs, and ſo with the uſual raillery taxt with *Love* by her merry Companions, to be ſure ſhe would return ſome negligent or contemptuous Anſwer to any Interrogatories, or pleaſant Queries, put her about her Hero, the *Helvetian*; That *Je ne ſcai quoy*; that, *What do ye call him?* The Outlandiſh-man, and the like; and then turn her whole Rhetorick into Praiſes and Panegyricks upon the Accompliſhments and Qualifications of Signior *Ricco*; but her *Armadorus* at the next Encounter was to know how cunningly her Tongue had given her Heart the lye; nay, ſo well had ſhe order'd her Affairs, that while ſhe was entertaining in one Room her *Mother*'s Favourite, ſhe would place her *own* in the next, and make

make him privy to all that paſt. This Ambidextrous Dealing (which nothing but the *fairneſs* of the Sex can excuſe from *foul* play) did ſhe continue for ſome conſiderable time, till the Counteſs-*Dowager*, whether out of diſtruſtful Jealouſy, or affectionate Deſire to ſee her hopeful Daughter, ſent for her again into the Country, with a Reſolution, as 'twas thought, there to compleat what ſhe ſuppos'd had been ſo long in Agitation, her Daughter's Marriage with the Gentleman ſhe had deſign'd for her, and whom her Daughter ſeem'd to have choſen for her ſelf at her parting. This meſſage made the Young Lovers relapſe again into their former misfortunes, and reſolve to dally no longer with their Love, but to crown all their *Hopes* and *Tears* with *Fruition* and *Enjoyment*; and ſo having that Evening ſetled their Correſpondency, which was to be conveyed to one another by the Young Lad of the Lady *Dowagers*, who brought that ſweet *Billet-doux* to

Armadorus

Armadorus when he firſt ſet out to make his Viſit; the lovely *Vicentina* return'd the next Morning to the Old Counteſs, and her Country Confinement; in which Melancholly Retreat ſhe could not live long, and therefore began to think how to bring things to a Concluſion. The Old Lady's fits of Jealouſies and Fears began to return, and the Reverend Prieſt was again ſet over her for a Guide and Inſtructor, which made him almoſt her conſtant Companion. The Lady *Vicentina* did not like theſe Long-Robe-men, tho for the moſt part they have many good Qualities to recommend them to Ladies, ſuch as the Innocency of their Lives and Converſations; the Severities and Mortifications they ſuffer by their hard Labours; and Signior *Caſtrado* being in a *Spiritual Senſe* an *Eunuch*, could never be ſuppos'd to make uſe of any Weapon that was *Carnal*; but whatſoever ſlips and backſlidings *Saints* or *Sanctified* Men may fall into, the Young Ladies

dies Virtue was able to ſtand the teſt, and her Faith was engaged; and ſo finding her ſelf hard preſt in her Amours, ſhe was fully reſolv'd upon Matrimony; and according to what was concerted with *Armadorus* at their parting, writes him theſe Important Lines, and ſends them by the Little *Mercury*, the young Livery-Lad, whom from a *Foot-boy* they advanc'd to be the *Poſt-boy*.

Deareſt Armadorus,

'TIS *time, after all the Obſtacles we have met with in our Innocent Loves, to conſummate them in that Holy State of Matrimony to which we we have ſo long courted each other, and in which our laſt Reſolves at our parting did ſeem to end; but my Mothers Vigilancy is ſuch, that ſhe has ſet again over me that Induſtrious Prieſt, Signior* Caſtrado, *who is as watchful over me, as any Paſtor over his Flock, that would not ſuffer one Sheep to go aſtray: Therefore my deſign is to remove further Jealouſy,*

lousy, and to crave my Lady Mothers leave to go to a little Country-Seat of my own, that lies toward the Remotest Part of the Isle toward the South-West; *and do you at the same time give out, that you are gone a Journey toward the* North-East; *and moving by these two contrary Points, my Jealous Mother may conceive we can never come together: My setting forth will be about the* 15*th Instant, and you know how soon, and which way to follow; my Spiritual* Guide, *I am afraid, will make but a weak* Guardian, *should you overtake us. If you write any Answer, subscribe no Name, lest it fall into my Mothers hand; and have always an assurance of the Faith and Affection of*

Your

Vicentina.

Armadorus upon the receipt of this (you may be sure) was ready to follow the Instructions that were sent, when they were such easy Orders to obey;

obey; not thoſe that he was wont to receive, to Attack an Enemy in the Trenches, to march againſt the Mouth of a Cannon, or to Storm a Caſtle; but only the eaſy Commands from a Miſtreſs, to commit Matrimony, to enter the Fort he had already won; and therefore preſently ſate down like a Champion, and writ his fair Challenger this Heroick Anſwer.

Moſt Adored Miſtreſs,

HAD your Commands been the moſt difficult Exploit that ever Mortal was engaged in; Had you ordered me to have ſingly attack'd an Army, or engag'd an whole Fleet in a Cock-Boat; I could have gone through all that Fire and Water to have ſerved you, tho I had been ſure of being ſacrificed for your ſake. For, alas, what is one ſingle Life, tho laid down at the Feet of ſo Meritorious a Lady that deſerves to have a thouſand ſacrificed to her Vertues, her Excellencies, and Perfections? But when your Orders are only, that I muſt dye no other

Death

Death but in your Arms; the only danger is, leſt I dye with tranſport before I come to thoſe dear Embraces; do not in the leaſt doubt, Madam, of my readineſs to attend your Perſon according to Directions; and for that Eaſtern Expedition, 'tis known here already, that I am about to undertake it; my Baggage, Equipage, Perſonage, all ready to part, *but with this Conſolation* (Deareſt Vicentina) *that 'tis only the better to attend your Perſon, for which I am always ready to part with my Life, and for the ſake of which I am ready to reſcue you even from the Hands of all your Mothers Guards, and pull you out of the Arms of all the* Carlo's, Ricco's, Caſtrato's, *or* Caſtruccio's, *that can encompaſs you: And ſo farewell moſt adored Miſtreſs, till we meet for ever, and inſeparably.*

Iſca Danmoniorum 6. *Kalender. Julii.*

Yours,

X.

This

This *Cannonading* Language and *Bombardous* Style, tho it might come agreeable enough from a Souldier that is ſuppoſed to *Thunder*, eſpecially when *Lightning*, or his *bright* Miſtreſs is before his eyes; Yet this was not *Armadorus*'s way of writing or Diſcourſe; which was always ſoft and ſweet, eaſy and good-humour'd, and of a clean contrary Air; but here was the Bombaſt wiſely affected by him, for he conſidered the caution his Lady had given him, leſt the Anſwer from him ſhould by misfortune fall into her Mothers hand; this he thought would ſpoil the *Conſummating* Journey, upon which they were ready to ſet out; ſo that if the Old Lady ſhould by miſhap meet with this, *Vicentina's* Wit and Invention would ſoon put it off for a Banter; and 'twas well for both that it was ſo managed; for the Counteſs-Dowager finding the Lad wanting, had watch'd his return, and on his firſt unlighting took him into her Cuſtody,

and

and carried him into a private Room; where she had *laid up* for him an Instrument of Correction, and threatning also to *lay it on* severely, if he did not Confess his business, and where he had been; and so with the Terror of it extorted from the Boy, that he had both carried and brought back a Letter, the first given him by *Drusilla*, and the last directed to Madam *Vicentina*.

You may be sure the Old Countess took care to possess her self of it; and to send immediately to her Daughter *Vicentina* for the clearing this affair, she had opened the Letter, and read it over and over; and being of a pregnant Apprehension, she thought this Rant and Rhodomontado not so agreeable with the Language of *Armidorus*, whom she had most Reason to distrust; but seeing her Daughter coming, she composed her Countenance, and confined her Thoughts; delivering the Letter, with these words to—*Vicentina*.

Most

Moſt unfortunate Child! muſt my Heart never be at reſt for you? muſt I be always thus Tormented, Alarmed, Afflicted, with new matters for fear and Jealouſy? See here a new ſet of Addreſſes, ſo impudently offer'd you, as if you were going to Church to be Inſtantly Married: This muſt come from your old Suitor *Armadorus*, that I thought had been long ſince lay'd aſide; or elſe ſome New Hectoring Spark, that has hopes of carrying you by Bluſterings and Bravadoes; yet his Letter ſeems to Anſwer one of yours that went before; and I have brought the Boy to Confeſs that *Druſilla* delivered him a Paper, Sealed and Directed to the Gentleman that delivered him this.

The Young Counteſs, tho' a little ſtartled at the Adventure; yet upon peruſal of the Letter, ſoon ſaw ſhe had room enough left to evade: And boldly told her Mother that it was nothing but a meer piece of Banter and Roguery: That the Letter *Druſilla* had

had ſent by the Boy, was about common buſineſs to a Tradeſman; and that her Maid was ready to vouch the ſame to the Boy's Face, which accordingly being called, *Druſilla* did (as well ſhe might); for *Armadorus*'s Letter her Miſtreſs left with her to ſend, ſhe had encloſed in that to a Friendly Citizen to be Communicated as directed; and that which the Boy Received, was from a ſtrange hand, and perſon that he could only ſay was a Gentleman by his looks and behaviour: ſo the unlucky Lad was left at ſtake; and being too young to make diſcoveries, could not unriddle the Plot he was like to ſuffer for; for the Old Lady a little better pleaſed with her Daughter upon the preſumption that ſhe had been banter'd and abus'd, turned all her Reſentment upon the Innocent Lad, for Receiving of Letters from unknown Gentlemen for his Young Miſtreſs; and that he might the better remember his fault for the future, exerciſed the Rod

ſhe

ſhe had at hand prepared for him, with a ſuitable ſeverity; whilſt the Unconſcionable Craftineſs of *Vicentina* that was preſent, made her importune her Mother, that for her ſake too, ſhe would give him a little more liberal Chaſtiſement; tho' at the ſame time ſhe ſtopt his mouth and cry'ing, with a piece of Gold, that he might Confeſs no further; but ſhe had Craftily brought her Affairs now to a near Concluſion, and ſo thought ſhe might have no more occaſion for little *Mercurys* and *Emiſſarys*.

The time was now Approaching that was fix'd for her *Weſtern* Journey; for which ſhe had obtained leave of her Lady Mother, but with this limited Condition, that it muſt be in the Company and Cuſtody of Signior *Caſtrado*, the Old Counteſſes Confident and Confeſſor: Tho' the Young Lady as *little* lik'd this *Blackguard*, as ſhe was *much* Enamour'd of the *Red-Coat*: Yet *Cedunt Arma togæ*,

togæ, that is to say, *The Pulpit-Drum, ſtrikes Souldiers Dumb.* Yet was ſhe forc'd to give way to it, and with a ſubmiſſive Courteſy to thank her Mother for taking care ſhe ſhould be ſo well attended; and accordingly on the appointed day, with *Druſilla* her faithful Confident, and the forward Prieſt her Mothers ſpecial Favourite, with a Man-Servant, ſet forward on this *Sanctified* Expedition, which though it ſeemed outwardly only a viſiting one of her Patrimonial *Eſtates*, and the ſuperviſing her Affairs, yet ended at laſt in the Ceremonies of the Church, and the happy *State* of Holy Matrimony; as by the ſequel you'l ſoon ſee.

While they were thus recreating themſelves on the Road, ſhe being as merry as the Father-Confeſſor was muſing and reſerv'd; (for Prieſts deſire to ſeem Contemplative, to paſs the better for Scholaſtick) the Young Lady trumpt up upon Singnior *Caſtrado* a pleaſant ſort of a Queſtion, but what

what quickly raiſed his Spleen, (for Scholars from their Sedentary and Studious Lives, are apt to be very Hypochondraical) But what, ſays the merry *Vicentina*, what ſhould we do (Reverend Doctor), ſhould my fine Spark, the brisk *Helvetian*, that *Swiſs* that you uſed ſo to ſwagger at, now follow and overtake us? This put the Seraphick Clergy-man out of his moody dumps, into a Military poſture of Defence; for he verily believed the Enemy to be afar off; And with a Magiſterial look and ſtyle, let her Ladiſhip know, that ſuch ſuggeſtions ſavoured ſomewhat of ſome Love and Affection that ſhe ſtill retain'd for him: But whatever ſhould happen, he was reſolved to diſcharge his Duty to her Mother, and execute to the uttermoſt that truſt ſhe had repoſed in him: And that if the *Helvetian* ſhould have laid any deſign of ſurprizing them, he would to the uttermoſt reſiſt him, *Vi & Armis*, raiſe the *Poſſe Comitatus*; and

to

to let her know that the *Church* could be *Militant*, he himself would hand to hand attack the *Helvetian*; and show her such proofs of his Prowess and Manhood, that she should soon see that the *Switzers* were not the only Fighting-Men in the World, whatever noise they might seem to make in it.

Vicentina seeing her Guide and Guardian in such a formidable Physiognomy, and breathing nothing but War and Defiance, began to divert their Discourse to subjects less provoking, and more agreeable; though at the same time she could not but smile at the Heroick Valour of her Fighting Divine, which she fancied a Fit that would hold no longer than the Foe was at a distance, and out of sight; and so they jogg'd on till they came to their Inn, and Evening-Quarters, where no sooner were they sate down to refresh themselves, but enters the brisk and airy *Armadorus*, with a Port and Meen

as

as pleaſing to his *Vicentina*, as it was terrifying to the Canonical Courage of her Guardian Divine, that but juſt before had thunder'd out ſuch defiance; but now his heart failed him, and was got below his Girdle; and tho the Courteous *Armadorus* ſaluted him kindly, he was ready to piſs in his Boots, which he did not ſtay to pull off, but like the Night-Bird that had ſeiz'd ſome prey which ſhe dropt at the ſight of the Nobler Hawk, and makes haſt away; ſo was the flight of this Renowned and moſt Reverend Hero; Poſt he rid, but backward, leaving his comely Charge at the mercy of that Friendly Foe, that certainly never came to do her much hurt; and the *Out-guards* being thus fled, or defeated, the *Caſtle* was ready for *Capitulation*; and the Articles of ſurrender being ſoon agreed on, they were ſolemnly ſeal'd and ratified the next Morning, in the adjacent Pariſh-Church; and the *Victorious Helvetian*, to the Crowning

of all his *Conqueſts*, took poſſeſſion of the *Fortreſs* he had *Beſieged* ſo long, that very Night.

In ſhort, the Gallant *Armadorus*, and the Comely *Vicentina* were Wedded, and Bedded, and (as they thought) to their Eternal Content and Happineſs: The joys they conceiv'd, to find themſelves approaching thoſe mutual Embraces that ſweet *Hymen* has alway in ſtore for Innocent Lovers in their Marriage-Bed, did almoſt anticipate thoſe enjoyments they were to find in it. The Vertuous *Vicentina*, unknowing of thoſe joys ſhe was ſo ſenſibly to feel, trembled at the approach of the Nuptial-Bed, with a ſort of eager Fear, that ſeemed to edge her forward, while ſtill afraid; ſomewhat ſhe knew was to be done, that look'd like *dying*; and the moſt pleaſant *Death* will always carry ſome terror with it to a *tender Maid*; and though one Foot was enter'd the Liſts, the other made a ſtand, to conſider with her ſelf whether ſhe was to *dye* indeed;

indeed; for her Ingenuity had led her often to read the beſt Hiſtories of Romance; where thoſe Immortal Pleaſures are ſo feelingly Recorded, that ſhe could not but be ſenſibly touch'd at what ſhe was about to do: ſhe had ſeen there how their eager languiſhments were deſcribed to the Life, their Eyes lifted up, as if they were ready to be cloſed; their labouring Breaſts, and their panting Breath, as on the point to expire: theſe were Terrors enough to have pall'd the Courage of any *Amazon*, or the Stouteſt of the Female Sex, much more the Young Counteſs's that had been ſo carefully Educated, as to know none of theſe things, but only by Reading and Contemplation: There was no diſpute here between *Honour* and *Love*, that made once the One Boot to go on, and the other off; but *Love* here, and *Honour* both, agreed to pull off *both* Stockings; and ſhe yielding at laſt to the Importunities and Encouragements of thoſe

about her; and considering also, tho she was soon to *Dye*, that there was as great hopes of as sudden a Resurrection, she enter'd at last the lists *boldly*, looking about for that Gallant Man, by whose Victorious Sword she was but now so much afraid to fall.

On the other hand the Noble *Armadorus* had no such sensible disturbance, and troublesom *Emotions*; he had made many a Campaign, and star'd all sorts of *Deaths* in the Face; all that *moved* him, was *Transport*; and all that *troubled* him, was *Delay*; for no sooner did he hear that his Fair Foe expected him, and was ready to give him Battel, or sustain his shock and Charge, but he immediately March'd to the Field with his wonted Bravery, only worthy of the Noble *Armadorus*; and both Combatants being undrest, to show they had neither *false* Armor on, but were to Fight it out *fairly* upon pure *Flesh* and *Blood*; and this being a sort of Duel, best to be decided in the dark; The Discourse is best closed

with

with the putting out the Lights, and the drawing of the Curtain.

Modeſty here obliges us to make a break, — and leave the defects of theſe fragments, to be ſupplied by thoſe Lovers of either Sex, that have been ſo engaged, or gathered an Idea of it from the Learned Works of *Petronius*, and *Cleopatra*.

Thus theſe Gallant Lovers were at laſt engaged, and paſt the *tedious* Night with greater *toyle*; but as ſome are ſaid to *make a toyle of a pleaſure*, (the reverſe of the Aphoriſm here was truly verified, and) this might be called the *Pleaſure of a toyle*. The Morning-Sun ſaluted them both, lock'd in each others Arms, and made them look like Duelliſts after cloſing, ſtrugling on the ground for Victory. The lovely Counteſs had a new luſtre added to her Natural Complexion from the warmth of the Engagement; and the brisk *Helvetian* was more ruddy with the heat of the Combat; and under ſuch a doubtful Victory, they ſeemed both to

bluſh, for being both ſo foiled; but with the Sun they roſe from their Bed, to recruit and refreſh themſelves by the beams of it, as if they were to renew the Fight at another meeting with greater Vigour: And tho the Bridal-Solemnity, from the homelineſs of a Country place, did not ſet forth ſufficiently the Gallantry of ſuch Noble Perſonages; yet did their Preſence and Meen make as gallant a ſhow, that was able even to turn a Cottage into a Court; Conſorts of Muſick indeed they wanted, Songs and Epithalamiums, Balls and Dances; but tho the Country-Crowders play'd, and *Selinger*'s Round went about; this look'd more like a *Whitehall*-Wedding, than a *Wincheſter*, or *Weſtminſter* one; for the Bride and Bridegroom, like a King and Queen, made all the figure. The honeſt Pariſh-Prieſt that aſſiſted at the Ceremonies of the Church, was preſent alſo to thoſe of the Nuptial Bed: and look'd as big as a Biſhop, after the Marrying of a Counteſs, and a Couple

of

of ſuch tranſcendent Quality; and Miſtreſs *Abigail*, now the Lady Vicareſs, was the only perſon that could preſume the next Morning to ſend the Sack-Poſſet: but while this ſmall Caudle is tiffing with the Parſon and his Wife the beſt of the Pariſh; it will be time to relate what became of the Guardian Prieſt, that *fled* for the *ſame*; and left all his *Goods* and *Chattels* to him that is now *Lord* of the *Mannour*.

Neither *Vicentina's* Invitation, nor *Armadorus's* Civil Deportment to him (as we told you) could retrieve his Abdicated Courage; but he fled like a *Wolf* when the bleating *Lamb* is taken from between his Jaws: for certain it is, that the Fair *Shepherdeſs Vicentina*, took only *Armadorus* for her true *Shepherd*, whatever this other *Paſtor* might appear, or pretend to; and never was purer Love ever known in *Arcadia*; but as *Iſgrim*, when the prey is gone, will oft look back and Grin for the Purchaſe he had loſt, and for fear of the

Purſuer; ſo did this Reverend Rhodomontado, when routed only with the ſight of the Enemy, make haſte away with houlings as he went, making his plaints to the regardleſs Ruſticks, and unrelenting Stones; never *Stopping* till he came to a Water, over which he was to Ferry, which yet could put no *Stop* to his furious flight or Panick Fear.

For no ſooner was he got into the Boat, and putting off to the other Bank, but he charg'd the Ferry-men, whatever they did, to let no ſpark in a *Red*, or *Blue Coat*, or any *Coat*, but a *Black Coat*, and that they were ſure was no Souldier or Officer, to paſs the Ferry, till they might think that he was paſt being overtaken (*Love* has Wings, and ſo has *fear*); for with that he flies as faſt from his *Andromede*, as ſwift as *Perſeus* did to her deliverance; tho' I think his Excellencies Palfrey did not put in for a *Pegaſus* too: I am ſure the lovely *Armadorus* was with them lookt upon as the Monſter;

Monſter; and indeed by this time I muſt confeſs he had devour'd and quite eaten up the Maid; tho' I think the Woman remain'd as ſound as a Bell, which is not preſently cras'd by the firſt Peal of the Clapper; and to ſee ſuch a *Venus* ty'd to a Rock, 'twould make a *Mars* to *Foam* and tempt him too, to come out of the Sea, as well as the Goddeſs.

But by this time we may ſuppoſe, the Champion-Chaplain arriv'd; and Alarming the Caſtle of *Ogliano*, the Old Counteſs was ſhe that was moſt concern'd, and ſeeing her Chaplain enter with ſuch haſte in his Heels, and diſorder in his Face, and no Guard, no Lady; was ready to fall down in fits before her Domeſtick Divine could deliver the woful tidings of their ſad Misfortune; which aſſoon as the Reverend Guardian had got breath enough to impart, and which the Counteſs had not patience enough to hear out; for as he was breathleſs almoſt, and exclaming, The *Switzer*, Madam,

Madam; The *Swiss*, The *Helvetian*! the Old Lady took him up; and what? Him have you left with my Daughter? O Coward! O Perfidious! Out from my sight, return to your Post, take my Guards; raise the *Posse*, and bring me *Vicentina* again, or never more expect to see my Face. Signior *Castrado* did not expect this sort of Reception; but rather Thanks for his quick and speedy Information; and for going back to engage with *Switzers*, he thought it might prove harder service then the cutting down of a Sunday-Pudding; but since his Patroness had imposed this severe penance upon him, he, to merit again her favour assur'd her, he would venture his Life and Fortune to redeem the Lady; and so rid back like *Orlando Furioso* to find out the fair *Angelica*. And what did a little encourage him with a resolution to look after her, was, That returning by the same Ferry he had so fearfully past over; the Water-men assur'd him upon his Impor-

Importunate Enquiry, that no ſuch Soldier-like-man had purſu'd him; which put a little more mettle into the Moody-man, and made him think the Foe not ſo fearful and formidable; and ſo boldly approaches the Man-ſion-Houſe where he had left the Lady, and *Imperiouſly* delivers to the Courteous *Armadorus* this *Lordly* Meſ-ſage.

Sir, *My Commands are*, (and what I muſt ſee executed) from the noble La-dy, and incomparable Paragon, the La-dy-Dowager, Counteſs of *Albania*, my moſt honoured and admired Patroneſs, and the preſent Conſort to the Noble Lord of *Ogliano*, That you deliver to my Hands the Young Counteſs of *Albania*, the Lady *Vicentina* by name, to be by me re-convey'd to the Caſtle of *Ogliano* aforeſaid, or elſe to ſuffer your ſelf to be proceeded againſt with a *Noli proſequi*, *Scire facias*, *Capias ut legatum*, *Ne exeas Regnum*; or elſe, Sir, we ſhall attack you with a Writ *de Homine vel Virgine replegi and*; and this

this, Sir, you are to do without any Deliberation, Procraſtination, Examination, Determination, or Defalcation whatſoever.

The Young *Armadorus*, tho' a Scholar bred, yet being not ſo perfect in the Country-Stile, did not ſo well underſtand this barbarous banter, but ſmiling at the furious Phyz of the incenſed Bravado, mildly askt, What the meaning was of all this Thundring Dialect? and being inform'd that it was an Order he brought from the Counteſs-Dowager, to deliver her Daughter to be by him brought back to her Mother, —— With a Courteous ſmile replied, —— He was ſorry that her Mothers Chaplain did with ſuch precipitous haſte deſert them, having not in the leaſt dealt uncivilly with him; and deſign'd him no other hurt but a piece of *Gold* or ſo, and a pair of Fring'd *Gloves* by the by, for a caſt of his Office; but if ſhe muſt return with him now, he was oblig'd to attend her Perſon when

ſhe

ſhe went, both for the affection that he bore the young Lady, and the filial Duty he was always ready to ſhow the Old Counteſs, whoſe Bleſſing he was coming to ask with the Lady *Vicentina*, his dear Spouſe, aſſoon as poſſible; and ſo taking her by the Hand, they ſaluted each other in confirmation of all that was ſaid. But as hot as the High-Prieſt was before, yet this ſoft and civil anſwer put him all into a cold Sweat: He found the buſineſs done and paſt remedy; *Gold* and *Gloves* gone too; and to bring him out of his brown ſtudy, they gave the muſing or amus'd Gentleman, a Cup of the Country-Caudle that was yet left warm after Breakfaſt; and with that the aſtoniſh'd Vicar began to recover; and ſince all was paſt Redreſs, to be pretty good Company; promiſing what mediation lay in his power, he would make uſe of for moderating, the Old Counteſs's Reſentment, and reſtore them to her favour: Thus ended the great conteſt between the

Lover,

Lover, the Lady, and the Gnardian; and having recreated themſelves ſome few days with what Diverſions the Countrey thereabouts could afford them, they began to bethink themſelves how to make their Peace at home; which they did not ſo much doubt of compaſſing, ſince things that are irretrieveable, tho' never ſo much oppos'd, are commonly compli'd withal when paſt remedy; and therefore they began to think of ſtrengthning their Intereſt by Applications from all ſides; and ſo courteouſly thanked the Reverend Signior *Caſtrado*, for his kind Overture, aſſuring him, that if he would pleaſe at his return to convey with him a Line from himſelf, and his Lady, to the Lady-Mother, they had that confidence in him, that they could intruſt him with an affair of that nature; and ſo accordingly both prepar'd their ſeveral Epiſtles.

The

The Countess *Vicentina*, to the Countess-Dowager of *Albania*.

Honoured Madam,

SInce the Powers above direct all our Destinies below, and this an acknowledg'd Principle by all ages, long before we came to profess our Christianity; and was then owned and profest by the Apostles and Christians themselves, in their Epistles to those Romans and Heathens they had converted; I have wonder'd how it comes to pass that so many have set up such Novel Opinions in these latter days, That we weak Worms are free Agents, and have a free will to do what we please; whereas, dear Mother, you know what great inclinations I alway had to follow your good Counsel: How I wean'd my self from wicked Company to keep me from falling into any Snare: Nay, How I abstain'd from the Conversation and Society of the most admired Armadorus; *a Person whom now I cannot but confess I ever dearly loved: And to avoid his Courtships and Applications,*

came

came home in obedience to your Ladiſhip's Commands; but ſuch are the over-ruling Powers above, and ſo do they diſpoſe of things below, Armadorus *overtook me in this Journey, and being deſtin'd to marry me, did accordingly do it, it was in vain for me, to reſiſt the Decrees of Heaven; and the Crime I have Committed is no more than what Heaven obliges you to Pardon; and that therefore will ſhower down its bleſſings the more upon you, when you do not deny your bleſſing to*

Your moſt dutiful Daughter,

Vicentina.

The Young Counteſs was never ſo much affected with a Canting Stile, as to love to write Letters in it; but knowing her Mother given that way, much gifted, and a great *Anti-Arminian*; ſhe methodiz'd the matter ſo, to make it more taking; but *Armodorus* was more Laconick, and like a General, in a ſort of Epiſtolary Oration, accoſts her thus:

To

To the Countess-*Dowager* of *Albania*.

Madam,

IT has been my fortune to espouse the Lady I lov'd above all in the World, and that is your Daughter, the Darling of my Soul, the Delight of my Heart; she has been pleased to accept of me for her Husband, *and I hope for that Honour you'll receive me for* your Son; *and tho I am still a Stranger, you may, Madam, not repent of the Alliance upon a further Acquaintance; my Affection for your Daughter may merit some of yours for me: If you deny us both your Blessing, it will only make your self uneasy, and us unhappy.*

Armadorus.

The Reverend Doctor that had undertook a task now of quite another nature than what he came about, began to be of a better Temper too; and taking his leave of the young Married Couple, promised them to deliver their

their Letters, and uſe his Mediation for their being received into favour; which to give him his due, accordingly he did, diſcharging himſelf in both Truſts like an honeſt Man that made a Conſcience of his ways. When he was return'd, and had encounter'd the Counteſs, you may be ſure the firſt Queſtion was with a great deal of eagerneſs; And where's my Daughter? Signior *Caſtrado* as calmly and cunningly reply'd, Madam, ſhe is coming to wait upon your Ladiſhip, and with her the young *Armadorus*; For to tell you the truth, Madam, my Arrival was too late to hinder what now, nor then could be helpt, and that is, their Marriage; they are Man and Wife: With that he paus'd a little, to give ſome vent to the Old Lady's Paſſion, which he ſaw riſing in her Breaſts.——And is my Daughter then undone for ever,—for ever ruined? Is all my Motherly care that cultivated her tender Years, come to this? All my Godly Education, Exhortation,

Conver-

Converſation, come to this Tergiverſation, Abdication, Reculcitration, and downright Reprobation? O *Vicentina*, falſe Girl, perfidious Creature! never more expect to ſee my Face.—But Anger that had ſtorm'd her breaſts, being a little abated, and ſhe being a Woman of *Judgment* too, ſome more ſerious and Godly Conſiderations began to take place; and who knows, added ſhe, but this might be *ordain'd* for her, Matches are made in Heaven, and 'tis in vain for us Humane *Creatures*, to reſiſt what is *decreed* for us. O, the ſoul ſaving Doctrine of *Predeſtination!* which the *Reprobate* and *Ungodly* reject, but all the *Elect* do daily find to be a *Doctrine delivered to the Saints*; Poor Girl! we muſt ſubmit to what is *ordained* for thee; and ſo wiping her old dry Eyes, as if they had wept, — began to look abroad. And Signior *Caſtrado* took hold of this as a good Juncture to deliver to her hand the two Letters; *Vicentina*'s was that ſhe firſt opened, and finding her *Daughter* ſo *piouſly* begging

begging her pardon, and using the same powerful argument, and godly motive, that made the Countess so compliant; she delivers it the Reverend her Chaplain to read; we must submit, said she, to what Providence hath ordained for us; and you see the poor *Vicentina*, as she says, was over-power'd by the Powers above.—— And she writes still as if she had not abandoned all *Grace*, and turn'd *Reprobate*. And then opening that Epistle of *Armadorus*, after perusal, added, Signior *Castrado*, he writes much like a Gentlemen, and may be of some Consideration in his own Country, and prove a kind Husband to her here. And therefore, Signior *Castrado*, take a Journey back again, and give them my Blessing, and let them know they may come home to the Castle of *Ogliano*, as soon as they think convenient. The Chaplain that was glad he had brought matters to that Accommodation in an Affair in which he had so great a share, and being of that importance too, that he could say with the Poet,

—— *Quæque*

——*Quæque ipſe miſerrime vidæ;*
Et quorum pars magna fuit.

That is to ſay in our *Idiom*,

'Tis I, that in this woful caſe,
The Guard, and Moderator was
For Dido, *and her* Æneas.

This kind Gentleman quickly poſted away with the glad Tidings to the young married Folks, that were longing for his return, and the Fruits of his Embaſſy; which as ſoon as they underſtood, they all jollily and jocundly prepar'd for their Journey home; where when they were arriv'd, their Mother gave them their Bleſſing on their knees, tho at firſt with a little cold kindneſs, which by degrees was warm'd again into Affection.

The Young Couple's Apartments were fixt, and their Bedchamber aſſign'd them in that Green Room, once her Maiden-Caſtle or Impriſonment, now the Nuptial Bed-room, abounding with all the Freedom and Delights that Matrimony

Matrimony and the Marriage bed could afford.

The Loving Pair, like two Turtles, would be alway together, and oft visit that pleasant place of Retirement at the lower end of the Garden, and there (in solitude more comfortable to them than the best Company) recount the variety of their past Adventures, the Disappointments and Successes in their Amours. *And this said*, Vicentina, This solitary Grove, be thou always Sacred to the God of Love; in such, our Sires, the Ancient *Druids*, offer'd up their daily prayers, and did not Sacrifices cease to thee *Diana*; to thee thou Goddess truly Chast and Virtuous, we would here erect a Monumental Temple to perpetuate the Remembrance of our faithful Hearts here first plighted: No *Amarillis* or *Myrtillo* ere did burn with purer Flames, nor readier were to offer up their Lives to save each other's Life. 'Twas thou, O sweet and shady Solitude! that in my silent Slumbers didst appear, and draw before my waking Thought

Thought (tho Senſes ſlept) that curious Dream and Scene of painted Love; and that fantaſtick Interview we had beneath this moſt obliging Shade, was really, was pleaſingly fulfill'd. But far be from us, Deareſt *Armadorus!* thoſe dire preſages in which that Dream did make ſo diſmal end: avert ye Fates; but that kind Heaven is already done, and thoſe *malignant Stars* that ſwell'd with ſpite and venom, and ready were to dart their *pointed* Influence down upon our Heads, like *falſe* ones, *now* are *fallen, fallen* now, and like the *Spawn* of *Toads* or *Frogs*, we tread the filthy *Gelly* now beneath our feet. With that the *Lovers bill'd*, and *coo'd*, and *kiſt*, no Turtles e're did *mate* with more delight; when on the covert Boughs of Thickets percht, they murmur innotently forth their ſoft and harmleſs *Loves.*

And thus the *Lovers* liv'd, and thus they *Loved*, prolonging days and nights for fear that ſpend-thrift Time ſhould ſpeed too faſt away, and make them

Bankrupts

Bankrupts in the Trade of Love, wh
had laid in a ..ock for both their Lives
and what they thought ſo much, tha
all could never waſte, or they live lon
enough to ſpend.

But ah! how vain are *Huma*
thoughts! how ſhort falls our foreca
of that which is *Divine*! and how doth
fate enforce us to adore that Deity vil
Mortals would Contemn! what to ou
Clouded thoughts ſeemed *Clear*, an
miſty Reaſons darkned Cell, (tho i
the brighteſt part of all the Brain 'ti
plac'd; as 'twere Reſerved for Reaſon
Sacred Soul; (as Sages ſay) a Seat and
Receptacle to reſide) how yet does al
this glaring light Like *Fatuus* fires be
fore the Riſing-Sun, quite vaniſh, di
appear, when an Omniſcience Divine
does to the darkned Earth, in brigh
ter Rays reveal what Man, the wiſe
Man, thought Heaven it ſelf could ne
ver bring about: How doth it laugh
at all our fruitleſs toyl, to compaſ
that beyond our *Heaven* it ſelf; which
when obtain'd, enjoyed, it turns to

Hell

Hell and *Torment*? What blessings oft do those wise Powers above (who in that vast Eternal NOW all past and future see) by ways unknown, unthought, bestow, by contradictions to our *arguing Senses*; by our *vain Reasonings* call'd *impossible*, and by dire baneful paths securely lead where happiness hangs out before our eyes, that nothing there but misery could see?

So does it act too oft for thankless Man; that Wiser needs would seem then Mighty *He* that made the silly Worm. When thro' a raging tempest, wild despair, where Winds destruction roar above, while gastly Waves do for gape below, how do laborious Wretches toil on board, bear up gainst kind Heavens and the Wind, to reach some dangerous Port to be undone; who spight of their resistance to their fate, to some far distant shore are born away, where by unthought-of happiness at last they find their lives not only sav'd, but Fortunes made.

Thus far'd it with this Amorous

Pair, whose Wits, Invention, daily thoughts and Prayers, with all the faculties of Mind and Soul, were all at work by Policy, Disguise, by Plot and Stratagem, and all that art and cunning could invent, to compass what they call'd their happiness, *One Night enjoyment of untasted joy* — But Heaven, alas! smil'd at this humane folly; much better far, and happier had they been if only Lovers still; while midst the fullest gusts of free Fruition, Luxurious Love spent all the vital heat that fed it, and on a sudden surfeited, and di'd.

Armadorus after he began to recover breath, which the Blandishments and Caresses of conjugal affection (we may suppose) had a little exhausted especially in such eager Lovers, began to consider, that as he had married a young Heiress, so it behov'd him now as her Husband to enquire into her Fortune and Estate, which she was to inherit; and upon enquiry began to perceive that by some secret Convey-

ance, not uſually ſo clandeſtinely practiſed, ſhe had been prevail'd upon, during her minority, to make over her Eſtate in Truſt to her Mother, ſo that ſhould ſhe die childleſs, all her plentiful Revenue would be left wholly in the diſpoſal of the old Counteſs; which *Armadorus* did not ſo well approve of: And tho' he lov'd his Miſtreſs much more than her Mony and Wealth, yet was he loth (Mony being the beſt commodity in his Country) to be ſupplanted in his Right to a Silver Mine, not ſo frequently found in the Mountains of *Helvetia*; and to loſe a rich vein, at which he had been working ſo long; every Body knows the true Proverb which the French Tongue has ſo peculiarly faſten'd upon them;

Ne point d' Argent, ne point de Suiſſe.
No Switz's fights where no Money is.

But tho' *Armadorus*'s Soul ſeem'd elevated even above the Altitude of his own Country, (in which by the way,

are the higheſt Hills) tho' he could not condeſcend to that meaneſs of Spirit, ſo as to be ſordidly Mercenary; yet his Senſe directed him, there was no reaſon why he ſhould be defrauded in any thing that was his real right by the Laws of Marriage, no more than to be rob'd of what was his own by Birth-right; and this put him often when alone with his *Vicentina*, upon asking of queſtions relating to her Fortune and Eſtate: In which the Young Lady indeed was not ſo well acquainted her ſelf; the Old Counteſs being a Woman that well underſtood the World, and was reſolv'd to have the management of thoſe affairs left intirely to her ſelf; ſo that the Lady *Vicentina* could only reply to her *Armadorus*, that ſhe would take a time to diſcourſe her Mother on that Subject.

Many days were not elaps'd before the Old Counteſs gave a good occaſion for the entring upon ſuch a diſcourſe, for having her Daughter alone, ſhe began to inſtruct and adviſe her,

that

that since she had unfortunately Married a stranger, it would be proper to enquire into what Jointure or Marriage-settlement himself or his Friends could make her, before she suffer'd the least part of her Portion to come into her Husband's Hands; that he might at any time, when in possession of what was her Fortune, cross again the Seas and the *Alps* too, and leave her only so much worse as he found her; that there was a Conveyance of her Estate made over to her self during her minority; and that as long as she suffer'd that to stand, she could secure her self against his wasting and embezelling any of it; that she must provide for her self and Children if she had any; and since she had plaid her game so ill, she was to take care that the after-game might be the better look't too, and the last stake more wisely manag'd.

These grave Dictates, and formal Instructions, tho' perhaps not unnecessarily given, would have made but little impression on *Vicentina's*

Heart, before the wonders of Love had ſatiated all her Senſes; for that is a paſſion that ſurmounts the ſtrongeſt Conviction of Reaſon, and Conſcience too: It makes many Fools, and as many Villains; 'Tis an infirmity Humane nature is ſubject to, to be overcome eaſily by what is palatable and pleaſing; and the not gratifying Senſe, ſeems to moſt a diveſting themſelves of Humanity; tho' indeed, 'tis the Brute only that is then put off: But *Vicentina* now having ſeen and felt the utmoſt efforts of that Love, ſhe had unknowingly and ſo blindly admir'd, began now to open her eyes, and conſider her actions, and ſuffer her Mothers advice and good Counſel to ſink down into her Heart, and to ponder it in her underſtanding, and ſo promis'd her Mother that thoſe Settlements made in her minority ſhe would never revoke, but was ready rather to confirm.

This was well pleaſing to the Counteſs-Dowager, who as ſhe coveted

to

to bring it about for her Daughters ſake; ſo 'twas plainly viſible it was ſomewhat for her own ends too; for ſhould the Young Lady Childleſs leave the World before the Old (for the Young may, as well as the Old muſt) the Counteſs Dowager then had been entirely poſſeſt of all the Patrimonial, Allodial, Feudatory, Fee-ſimple and Tayl, Real and Perſonal, Appendant and Appurtenant, all that Civil Right, and Common Law, Codes and Pandects, *Cook* and *Littleton* could make her own: This the cunning and crafty Counteſs, that knew how to butter her Bread, and when the Cake was Dough, did excellently well underſtand; ſo that her good advices to her Daughter were a ſort of *mixt Actions*, as the Moraliſts call them, made up with the good ingredients of Intereſt and Love; or in a pleaſanter ſmile ſtuft up like Black Puddings, with her Daughters Blood and her own Oatmeal or Girts.

Arimadorus on the other hand preſming

ſuming upon the fervent affection of his Dear *Vicentina*, which he thought as conſtant and true as ever ſplendid Sun was to the *Gnomon* of the Dial, did often deſire her, that ſince ſo unjuſt a Settlement was made of her Eſtate during her minority, (which as it had been ſuggeſted to him, was by falſe Teſtimony of her full age, when all the while but a Minor) this he deſir'd ſhe would revoke, ſince ſo fraudulent a Conveyance; but *Vicentina* better inſtructed, and the fervency of love a little cool'd, anſwer'd her Inamorato as coldly; That it was impoſſible for her to comply with ſuch a requeſt; that the power was in her Mother; that ſhe could not be undutiful to her that had done ſo much for her, and after ſhe had ſo much diſguſted her, yet had after all receiv'd her into favour. *Armadorus* a little ſurpris'd at this unexpected indifferency, from a thing that was ſo dear to him as the Young Counteſs, his moſt adored *Vicentina*, or rather a down-right denial from her,

for

for whose sake he had deni'd himself every thing, his ease, repose, nay, his very livelihood and subsistence; for at her request, (when love ruled, and had its ablolutely Empire in her Breast) so tender was she of his person, that she would never suffer it to be expos'd to any other *Artillery* but that of her *Eyes*; nor be encompass'd with any other *Arms* but those *longing ones* she was wont to clasp about him; so by her Importunity, or Requests, that with him were Commands, did he quit Ingloriously all the Trophies and Triumphs, all the Victories and Conquests that *Mars* had in reserve to reward his Gallant Actions, ignobly thus to follow his *Venus*, and Enervate himself with a Woman. In short, her love got him to throw up all his Commissions, and now her neglect began to make him wish them all in his Pocket.

But, cruel Avarice, and wretched Gold, to what inglorious unworthy Actions, and unnatural too, dost thou, O glittering Dirt, dispose the noblest Soul!

For *thee* the faithfulleſt Friend does ſtand at Bay, and ſtares upon thy ſhining tempting ſhew, and pauſes in his full career to ſerve his Friend, ambiguous whether he had beſt betray him.

For *thee!* A Father greedy to be great, to gripe and graſp at *Thee!* Thou Excrement lodg'd in the Bowels of the ſordid Earth, will his own Son forget, his very Bowels, and ſell him Slave to Dig and Delve thoſe Mines from whence thou cameſt; and like thoſe *Indians*, (only brave in this, that they deſpiſe thee) will Sacrifice his deareſt Daughter, darling of his Soul, to ſome adored Monſter all in Flames, ſome heated glowing *Moloch* of a Man, to gratify ſome Satyr, Humane Brute, that has the name of Prince, the luſt and ſhape of Goat; thy very *Colour* coſt Mankind that *Univerſal Curſe*: That *Golden* Fruit! brought all the Ages ſince to *Braſs* and *Iron*.

For *thee!* The deareſt Brothers, the very Gemini of Love and friendſhip! ſhall for *thee* turn mortal foes; and they who

who lay so lovingly involv'd within the self-same Womb, shall sheath their Swords within each others Bowels.

For *thee*! whole Rivers reek in flowing Gore, and fatten'd Fields luxurious are with Blood; whole Kingdoms shake like some *Sicilian* Town that at the Foot of roaring *Etna* stands, which belches forth its liquid flames of less pernicious Ore, whilst Crowns and Scepters totter like their Towers, and falling in thy rapid Streams of *Fire*, are born away and melted down.

And 'tis for *Thee* alone, tho' ne're so much *Refin'd*, Thou *filth* even of the *finest* Soul! that these two matchless Lovers, who not long before were languishing in Love, have liv'd to see their very Loves to languish, as if they now were come for to outlive their very selves, and have their empty Carcasses survive their transmigrated Souls.

Armadorus look't on her cold repulse a little hard, and took it much

to

to heart; but for the present would press her no further in the affair; fearing to discompose her whom he still tenderly lov'd; but after he had suffer'd her obstinacy (as he thought) to soften by degrees, and to supple her with Lenitives, he took her aside one afternoon into some withdrawing Room, and there with a look compos'd of Gravity and Love, delivered himself in these words.

My Dear, were your kindness to me what once it was, when we first fixt our Eyes upon one another, you would never have denied me the request I have so often made you; and 'tis mighty strange, that *Armadorus* when a stranger almost unknown to *Vicentina*, should have had more power over her, then after she has hugg'd him in her Arms, and embraced him for her Husband! harder yet it is, my dear, to deny me a possibility of subsisting by your *means*, that have made me quit an honourable employment for your *sake*! Consider, should the fates rob me

me of my *Vicentina*, in what condition ſhould I be left; my Soul, my Life, indeed will be gone with you, my Love; and ſo I may not long ſurvive, but linger out ſome years, in which I can't be truly ſaid to *Live*, much leſs to *want*: but how will it pleaſe your Airy Ghoſt, when gliding by me in your ſtalking ſhade, to ſee me penſive ſit and mourn my fate; whilſt your Triumphant Mother proudly Reigns o're all, and domineers in all the Palaces, that once my dear were yours, and ſhould be mine. Too late perhaps it then may be, for your relenting Ghoſt to think to haunt your Salvage Mother into humane nature; not that my caſe ſo ſad, deplorable, may be, but that I may find friends tho' ne're ſo much a Foreigner; for this kind Iſle is not a little fam'd for Friendſhip, Hoſpitality, and Love: All which I have already found; but hitherto I muſt confeſs in none, my *Vicentina*, more than you; yet ſhould I be abandoned by you, (which ſhivers me with horror but to think)

think) my birth within my native Country is not so obscure; my Father stands possest of great Commands, in Civil and in Military too; besides all what is Patrimonial-Land must be my own; And you have brought no beggar to your Bed; all that I beg, is right and Common Justice; what your own Laws allow, you'l let me crave! The Custom of your Country is so *kind*, so truly *Courteous* is your Common Law, 'twill let the Husband for his Life enjoy what Land was ere his Wives, by *Courtesy*. Loath *Vicentina* do I talk to you of Justice, Custom, Equity, and Law; Love was the wonted subject of our talk; and still of what we talkt we were agreed; I hate to name to *Vicentina* LAW, it sounds Litigious, sounds a dying Love, and with a wrangling clashing Peal of noise, to ring some parting Friend's or Lover's Kneel. —— But still of this, my Love, be well assur'd, your Mother with her wiles shall ne're prevail, for of what's yours and mine I'le be possest,

and

and Righting of my ſelf is Righting you.

The Young Counteſs melting into Tears with the ſoftneſs of his Speech, and diſturb'd with the tendency of it to Law and Diſcord, had her Soul divided, and her Senſes loſt, between the Love ſhe ſtill retained for him, the Duty ſhe would ſeem to have for her Mother; but indeed the deepeſt regard that diſordered her, was what ſhe had for her ſelf: The Old Counteſs having inculcated ſo often, that her Husband was a Man of no Fortune, and if of any Fortune, at beſt but a Souldier of Fortune, with ſuch like malicious Inſinuations, that made the poor Young Gentlewoman confounded, diſtracted almoſt with variety of thought, and perplexity of mind, which way to manage her ſelf in ſuch an intricate affair, where ſo many different paſſions and affections, which like winds from ſeveral Quarters, were ſporting with her floating Soul like a bubble, both filled and agitated with each blaſt of Air: Inſomuch that theſe fluctuating

thoughts

thoughts immediately influence thoſe Animal Spirits to faintneſs (the finer and purer parts of which ſome Phiſiologiſt ſuppoſe to form the *thinking Soul*, diſtinct from what ſo *Rational* we call; for that we grant infuſed us from above, all immaterial; yet on matter works by ſtrange Connexion ſupernatural: But without that, we find brute Beaſts to think; and as thoſe Spirits finer, purer are, ſo are thoſe Animals more *thoughtful*, cunning, docible and wiſe;) And theſe in Women ſooneſt are diſturbed, and light emotions ſeem with them to move vaſt heavy loads, which riſing from *below* oppreſs the vital Senſe *above*, and ſeem to *ſtrangle*, without *ſuffocation*, which Men of Art call, Fits Hyſterical, and idly once fixt in the Female Womb, then in diſeaſed ſpleen, more wiſely now in the Minds paſſion, and diſordered Spirits; This was the Counteſs's afflicted Caſe; ſhe heard him tenderly, attentively; but like *Sabina* ſtill, that would not ſeem to hear, fain would

ſhe

ſhe have ſtopt, kept down, the riſing Ball of grief, and ſtrangled in her Breaſt thoſe ſtruggling Paſſions, that would riſe to Choak her; but too weak alas! ſhe was to bear up againſt the Tide of ſwelling Sorrow, or by Imperial Reaſons wiſe Command, to Rally, Rank and File her fierce diſorder'd Spirits; and ſo with lift-up Eyes, and drooping Head ſhe fainted, fell down in her Lover's Arms.

Armadorus ſurprized at ſuch an unexpected Diſaſter, did all he could to recover her out of her fit, by chafing her hands, rubbing her Temples, and by chance having a Bottle of Salts or Spirits about him, which he applied to her Noſtrils, all the while calling for help and aſſiſtance, which ſoon came in to him; at laſt ſhe began to open one of her languiſhing Eyes, letting them know there was Life enough left, but only the wheels of it a little diſorder'd by ſome ſudden Emotion in the Blood and Spirits; which being compoſed by degrees, ſhe ſoon came to her ſelf:

And

And seeing both her Mother and her *Armadorus*, both at the same time busy about her, she recover'd her Complexion a little the sooner with a blush: And hardly knew whom she should thank first, for their friendly offices, and care of her Recovery; she saluted both with Duty and Affection: and all past over as an Accidental fit, tho' what indeed might here be truly so called, *A fit of the Mother*; neither was this like to be the last that the management of the Old Countess was like to bring her to; notwithstanding which the poor *Armadorus* was traduc'd for it, as if by his Severities, Threatnings, and even Violence offer'd, he had made her fall into that Condition.

Armadorus, after several opportunities he had taken to prevail with *Vicentina*, but with all the mildness imaginable, but all ineffectual and vain; was forc'd at last to resolve to recover that by Law, which was denied him against Reason; and so without molesting his Dear Mistress any more in

a matter

a matter he found her ſo averſe to, prepar'd himſelf for a Journey to the Capital City, the Metropolis of the Kingdom, there to Conſult with the Men of the greateſt Abilities in their Profeſſions, and the knowledge of the Cuſtoms anCo mmon Uſuages, the Civil and Municipal Laws of the Kingdom. His deſign he kept to himſelf, and only made his Journey occaſional. But *Vicentina*, tho Love had once blinded her, was too quick ſighted now to be eaſily deceived; and ſeeing him bent to undertake this long Voyage againſt her will and inclination, was very ready to miſtruſt the right matter and meaning of it; and ſo with more haſty Paſſion than ordinary, which was once a ſtranger to her tender Love, told him, ſhe knew his deſign that he went about, that it was to get her Fortunes and Eſtates into his poſſeſſion; but if he mov'd one ſtep towards the Law, he muſt never more expect to ſee her Face.

The

The Young Hero, tho Love had got once the Aſcendant, and ſomewhat Enervated him by the Blandiſhments and ſoftneſſes of his Fair *Venus*, *Vicentina*, yet he had not wholly Abandon'd *Mars* and his wonted Courage; but anſwered her now a little more roughly; That it was time for him now to look about for himſelf; and ſince ſhe was in a Combination with her Mother for his Ruin, he was reſolved to take up ſome Commiſſions again in the Army, which her Importunity had cauſed him to lay down; and that this was the chiefeſt buſineſs he went about: that he perceived her wonted Affection for him, that was once ſo warm, was by this time very well cooled; and that the Dangers he ſhould be Expoſed to in a Camp, might quickly rid her of an Husband, for whom ſhe had ſo little Kindneſs and Eſteem, and one that with his continual Careſſes had Courted after Marriage more like a Lover, and not Governed, or Commanded her like her Lord: and indeed, *Armadorus* his

his fondneſs (as 'twas generally thought) Fool'd the Young Lady into a more Refractory Obſtinacy, than was Natural to her Temper and Conſtitution; but as much Marble as ſhe was, ſhe melted into Tears at his talking of expoſing of his Perſon to the hazards of uncertain War. But the Counteſs-Dowager, that deſired nothing more than by ſome obliging Ball or Bullet to be rid of her Son-in Law, perſuaded her Daughter not to lay it ſo much to heart; that there were Men enough going in the World, and better Husbands to be had: However the piteous *Vicentina* was not become yet ſo obdurate; ſhe wanted a little more of her Mothers Stony Heart to petrify hers; and ſo beſeeched him earneſtly not to think of any ſuch thing, and ſhe would bear with his Abſence for a while, if his occaſions required it, if he would promiſe a return to her, and not to the Army: *Armadorus*, that perhaps never deſigned it, was eaſily prevailed on to promiſe ſo much; and

ſo

ſo for that time affairs ſeemed a little accommodated. He prepared for his Journey, with *Reluctancy* parted from his Spouſe; who throwing her longing Arms about his Neck, ſhowed alſo how *loath* ſhe was to part with him; they ſighed by conſent, and their Tears mingled as they Kiſs'd: They parted indeed, but purſued one another ſo long with their looks, till a cruel diſtance cut off the Communication of their Eyes.

Armadorus arrived no ſooner among the *Diſpenſers* of the Law thoſe Oracles of the Courts of Juſtice, but you may be ſure he received good encouragement for the carrying on the Cauſe, which as yet carried ſomewhat of merit with it; ſo it had with them a promiſing aſpect of Profit too. He came to take Counſel with a Meen that carried Gold in both Hands, and that did declare, he was not come to *Starve* his Cauſe, *In forma Pauperis*; and that was able to make any *Nokes* a *Tertullus* or *John* a *Stiles* a *Chryſoſtomus*: For he

he Experimentally found verified a-
mong the Gentlemen of the *Law*, what
his Country-men had always practiſed
in their *Arms*.

What Swiſs *came e're to Beat of Drum*,
Or, Bawling Lawyer was not Dumb,
To ſee no Gold nor Silver Come?

It is a happy thing for a *good Cauſe*,
to have a *good Client* too, or ten to one
but it miſcarries; *Armadorus* had the
good luck to make both theſe ends to
meet, and ſo went on merrily with
his Negotiation: and firſt to qualify
himſelf with the privileges to Traffick
as a Native, obtained an Act of *Na-
turalization*, to bring himſelf upon the
ſame bottom with thoſe that had dealt
ſo *Unnaturally* with him; this being
compaſt, the *Complainant Armadorus*,
(that indeed had very good Reaſon to
Complain) was adviſed to turn humble
Orator, and to move in a Court of
Equity for Redreſs againſt thoſe
Perilous Women for withholding *his
Right*; while the good Women at the
ſame

same time were Counselling to get him into a Spiritual Court for detaining *their due*: These Variances, this Cloud of Discord; that was like to raise such a dust, and on both sides a Cloud of Witnesses too; was for a little while dissipated and dispell'd, by a sudden seizure of the poor *Armadorus* with a violent Sickness, so that he could not follow and dispatch his Affairs with that diligence; and therefore laying aside those little resentments that contesting generally stirs up; (He being utterly Ignorant that the cunning Old Countess had in his Absence, engaged his Dear Spouse to declare her self his open Enemy, and sue for so Unnatural a Separation, and cruel Divorce) while he lay Languishing on his Bed in a Feaver, which his Physitians look'd on as Malignant, occasioned (as they said) by some ill Planets that now seem'd to Influence their Loves; for the *Mars* and *Venus* had been lately in *Conjunction*, they were now like to come in *direct Opposition*: Lumpish *Saturn* seem'

hi seemed to Lower, and *Libra* could not
he keep the Scales even between them;
d old *Sagitarius* had ſhot *Virgo* thorough
ch nd thorough, and it approaching to-
Vi ward the Vernal *Equinox*, where
li *Aries* might predominate, 'twas fit for
ſu Husbands to ſhow themſelves very
le kind to their Wives, for fear of the
lo worſt: That there was a great diſtance
di deed in *Trine*, and many wide De-
ho grees of difference between the Old
en Counteſs, the Young, and *Armadorus*;
Ig hey might meet in the Houſe of Strife,
nte ut their *Horoſcope* had no Room for
Dea hem in the *Houſe* of *Life*. Thus, out
n B *Ptolomy*, *Haly*, *Cardanus*, *Olaus*; all
Se s Phyſicians, *Roſacrucians*, *& vere*
hil *depti*, having ſeverally declared their
in pinions, and confirm'd them from
ok e Writings of *Triſmegiſtus*, *Meſue*,
the *vicenna*, *Averroes*, *Arabians*, *Ægyptians*,
no hoſe Works and Words like the De-
r th ees of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, was
Go t to be Controverted; The poor
com tient *Armadorus* that underſtood
atur ir *Jargon* no more than they did
em'

his *Helvetian*, did only gueſs that his Condition was but bad, and the worſe for that his Doctors did not underſtand it; and therefore as ſoon as their *Gravities* was deſcended *Decently*, he dictated to his *Amanuenſis* theſe few Lines for his Deareſt *Vicentina*.

Deareſt *Vicentina*,

AS nothing but Death can make a ſeparation between us; (which is indeed an Unavoidable Divorce) ſo as long as I have Life, nothing ſhall be more Inſeparably yours: but alas! how long that will be, I know not; for I am at preſent in ſuch a languiſhing Condition, that I cannot continue long under that indiſpoſition that oppreſſes me: A conſult of Phyſicians I have had, who talk to me much of Stars and Conſtellations; but underſtand no more my Diſeaſe, than if they had ſtudied nothing but Almanacks. 'Tis only you my Dear Heart that can relieve me; I have nothing in this long abſence left to enjoy you in, but Thought and Contemplation, and out of that you never are;

the

the great distance cannot hinder me from enjoying you in a Dream; and my restless Nights afford me only Dreaming slumbers; I long to see you, and that speedily, lest those Eyes should close that have so much delighted in the Contemplation of yours, and those other Features and Perfections of your Face. My hand is too weak to guide that Pen, that should convey to you the Dictates of my Soul; and so am forced to crave the assistance of a Secretary: But my Heart, as faint as it is, is firmly yours; and your Idea the only Cordial that supports it. Pray Dearest hasten your departure, and let no false Insinuations of an ill Mother detain you, or make the least division between your beloved self, and your most Affectionate

Armadorus.

The good soft humoured Gentleman, (as we have observed before) having not the least in him of the Rough temper of the *Helvetian*, had habituated himself to those Compellations to his Wife, that others com-

monly uſe in their Courtſhips to their Miſtreſs; and by his ſweetneſs of Addreſs endeavoured to continue that Affection when her Husband, which he had in Abundance, when only her Lover; but alas! all was in vain: His abſence had lain him open to the Aſperſions and Recriminations of an enraged Mother; and expoſed his Lady to the frequent Aſſaults, and conſtant Importunities of the Incenſed Counteſs. The Allodial Lands, the Patrimonial Money, and the Young Hero's going to Law for both, lay like Lead upon her Heart, a load upon her Stomach, ſhe could not digeſt it; and ſo it made her Spleen to riſe, and to reſolve to ruine him: The Young Lady alſo by his being out of ſight, and far off, and ſo feeling nothing of thoſe warm Impreſſions that her Dear *Armadoris* was wont to make upon her, was more eaſily prevailed upon by the Old Counteſs to forget thoſe Careſſes ſhe had of late not been accuſtomed to; and ſo ſuffered her ſelf wholly

wholly to be governed by her Mothers Directions; and having by the Poſt Received the foregoing Letter, immediately almoſt communicated it to the Lady Dowager for her advice and opinion how it ſhould be anſwered; indeed ſhe peruſed it by her ſelf a little at firſt; and the tenderneſs it expreſt, and the danger that *Armidorus* (once her Deareſt) was in, did a little move her; but a ſudden *Fit* of the *Mother* mov'd more ſtrongly; and ſo carried away both her ſelf and the Letter to the Lady Dowager, to Conſider and Conſult for an Anſwer.

And that you may be ſure the Old Lady was not long to ſtudy for. The *Young* Counteſs was the *She-Scribe*, while the *Old* ſeem'd a ſort of *Female Phariſee*; the Young Lady not being quite ſo Obdurate, was beginning Innocently her Letter with the wonted Compellation of *My Dear*; which the Mother obſerving, ſeemed almoſt incenſed at her inconſiderate Compellation, and asked her whether ſhe was

Courting of him agen; and made her blot out that tender fineneſs, and ſet down plainly *Armadorus*; but then bethinking her ſelf agen, that ſuch a Title ſignified ſomewhat of Friendſhip and Familiarity ſtill retained, to Eſtrange and Alienate her ſelf the more from him, ſhe made her Daughter obliterate that alſo, and at laſt without any more Ceremony, to Inſert plainly, *Sir*; and to vary nothing from what ſhe ſhould dictate, which was as follows.

Sir,

YOU *ſeem already to have Divorc'd your ſelf from me while you are alive, ſo you have no need of Death to make a farther Separation; you may remember before you deſerted us, when you diſcourſed me on the ſubject that has cauſed this ſeparation, I told you, that if ever you went to trouble us with your Litigiouſneſs and Law, I would never* Live *with you, nor* ſee *your Face; notwithſtanding which, as cloſe as you have carried your ſecret Machinations,*

nations, I am ſufficiently informed of your practiſes; and ſince of my reſolution I had ſo forewarned you, your ſubſequent actions have demonſtrated you neither deſire to ſee *me, much leſs to* live *with me. If* Providence *has ſurprized and viſited you with Sickneſs, you muſt conſider it is for your Evil ways, and Wicked Practices you are in, and for your dealing ſo baſely, and barbarouſly with me: If you want Attendance, you can't expect that I ſhould come to give it you: It is too long a Journey, which you have purpoſely taken to be ſo far from me; and yet to perplex me and my Mother at a diſtance; beſides your uſage of me, has made me more ſickly, and too weak for ſuch an undertaking: and if you want Women to attend you, you know where to find them in that vaſt and fine place you are in: and I do not doubt, but Mrs.* C. *and Madam* A. *Mrs.* F. *and Madam* K. *will afford you for old acquaintance ſake all the kindneſs and aſſiſtance you can deſire.*

P. S. When your Health permits, you may have now my conſent to return to the Army.

Yours, Vicentina.

The Young Lady, that did not like to insist so long on so severe a Style, began to encline to a close, and so more hastily than her Mother desired, was Subscribing her self, *Your Affectionate, &c.* which as soon as the Old Lady perceived, she made her give it another dash; and to leave out all Compliments, and any thing that sounded like Love and Relation; and this Elegant Composure of Sarcasm and Satyr to a Sick-Man and Dying-Husband, was as handsomely Sealed up, and decently sent away to the [illegible] gambling *Armadorus.*

Tho this Gallant Youth had yet made no progress in his Law-Suit, only qualified himself by his Naturalization to prosecute one if he had occasion; yet the Cunning Old Countess had very good Intelligence, as appears by the Contents of what she dictated to her Daughter; and those Anonymous Ladies which she mustered up in the latter end of the Letter, were as cunningly inserted, for the perplexing of *Armadorus,*

Armadorus, and the amusing of *Vicentian* even to madness and jealousy; some there were, that thought this bitter Answer was all of the Young Countesses own penning; but so much cruelty could never be lodged in a Breast that was once so loving and tender. *Armadorus* at the arrival of this, had the happiness and good fortune to be recovering of his strength; and 'tis well he was a little fortifi'd against such surprising, such sharp and bitter invective from one that he thought could never have been prevailed upon to hate him; He read it over again and again, disbeliev'd his Eyes, and doubted his Senses; thought the hand counterfeited, and her name forged; but his affection he found forc'd only this fond fancy upon him; he knew her hand too well really to doubt it; all the comfort he had left him, was the hopes that it was the effect of that power her imperious Mother had over her; and tho' it might be of her penning, yet he was persuaded it was all of the old Ladies inditing; but then a-

gain it did not a little afflict him to find that *Vicentina*, who by all her Mothers threats and ſtratagems, Careſſes and Artifices, could not be prevailed upon to refuſe him for her Husband, could now be won to forſake him when he was ſo, to put her helping hand to ſuch ſevere Satyr and reproach, and that to her languiſhing, (and for ought ſhe knew) her dying *Armadorus*.

Ah Vicentina! cry'd he; (tranſported with ſuch an unexpected alteration) Ah cruel Creature! Could you write theſe lines, and drop no Tears to waſh away thoſe Blots and black ſtains your Ink ſtill left behind it! every Letter is a Character indeed, but of your unkindneſs; and that Hand you once would have wiſh'd to have wither'd, before it had been guilty of ſuch cruelty to your *Armadorus*, to *deny* him thoſe laſt favours of officious Friendſhip; to catch his dying ſighs, and ſoft expiring Breath; to ſeal his cloſing Eyes, and warm his trembling Lips with one relenting kiſs; to make

me

me barbarous and conducing to your languiſhment: To make me ſuſpected and falſe to your Bed, that alway cheriſht you as my own Heart that I bear in my boſom; that never violated my Marriage-vow, not ſo much as in thought; and then as the laſt inſtance of your favour, to recommend me again to the Mouth of the Cannon from whence I only came to dye at your Feet, S'Death theſe are Daggers to this Heart of mine, that all the dying that I felt in my diſeaſe had not half the bitterneſs. Come, unkind, ungrateful Fair; Come *Vicentina*, with your own Hand and pointed Dagger, Stab this Heart of mine, and feel its throbbing pulſe to beat its laſt; rather than thus to wound it at a diſtance, and tear it aſunder in Effigie. With that his Heart too much oppreſt and ſwoln with grief, ſent forth an heavy ſigh, whilſt his declining Head his Shoulder bore; and the weak ſpine unable to ſupport the lightned Trunk, tho' by late ſickneſs made leſs burthenſome, the yielding

ing Body fell back on the Bed, upon the ſides of which but juſt before it made the firſt Eſſays to ſit upright.

As good luck was, the Nurſe and Tender was at Hand, and by the help of ſome Spirits very ſtrong and volatile, which by a Spoon clapt in between his fixed Teeth, and faſtned Jaws, ſhe got within his ratling Throat; he began a little to revive, and by an Emiſſary Groan, the Herald and Embaſſador of Life, let her know that all was not gone yet; and ſo by degrees ſhe began to get him to himſelf again; to which he was no ſooner come, but to himſelf he ſeem'd another Man, and immediately repented for having had ſuch hard thoughts of his ſtill admired *Vicentina*, and ſo would force a kind conſtruction from a cruel Letter of hers, that had no more mercy in it than an He *Tyger* can be ſaid to have Milk. Why, ſaith he, have I accus'd thus injuriouſly my tender *Vicentina* of cruelty? She only charges me with ſeparating myſelf ſo far from her, and ſo ſoon

ſoon; 'tis my abſence perhaps has made her ſicken; And theſe accuſations I cannot deny but I have juſtly deſerv'd; 'tis I that left her, and not ſhe me; and thoſe Ladies ſhe upbraids me with as Favourites, may be only the Effects of ſome growing Jealouſy for my long ſtay, which is the greateſt ſign of ſubſtantial Love; and what other ſeverities of expreſſions I ſee there, may be all of her wilful Mothers dictating, whom ſhe was afraid to diſobey; all this Enchantment will ſoon vaniſh when once I ſhall appear again in ſight. And with theſe *Airy* Conſolations he ſeem'd to ſolace himſelf, which indeed had this good effect, that they helpt forward his recovery; and qualified him the ſooner to take the Countrey *Air*, as he deſign'd; for which he was no ſooner capacitated, but he took Coach directly down to *Danmoniorum*; and to the Capital Town of the Province, where (neither conſidering his late weakneſs, nor his Ladies cruelty, having forgot the one, & put the beſt conſtruction on the other)

other) he took Poſt, and with a paſſion that no Cold could extinguiſh, haſten'd away to the Embraces, as he thought, of his ſtill Amorous *Vicentina*: Believing that only a ſingle ſight of his ſweet ſelf would revive in her all thoſe flames that were wont to warm her Heart into Love and Admiration: But treacherous Love! With what vain hopes doſt thou, diſſembling Boy, feed the poor deluded flattering Lover! Late it was by the time that *Armadorus* indeed arriv'd at the Caſtle of *Oglian*, but not ſo unſeaſonably but that any ſtranger might have found admittance; the Candles were yet burning in the Socket as he knockt, when on a ſudden all the Snuffs went out, and all the Avenues were Barricado'd, and he himſelf ſhut in between the outer great Gate of the Palace, and the Inner Porch of the Houſe; caught like a Vermin (as it were in a Trap) foreclos'd from going forward; and his retreat ſhut up behind him: In this woful condition, ſuch as had never yet befel

befel him in all his wooing, was he almoſt at his wits end; often went he under the Window where his deareſt lay, and with a doleful voice call'd up, *My Vicentina*! Then to the Porch as penſively return'd, and with a gentle knock admiſſion craved, but all in vain. His *Vicentina heard*, but would not *hear*; and the Fat Cook-Maid ſnor'd beneath her greaſy Dreſſer, and could not *hear* a Drum.

Thus lockt up in a pound was the Hero faſt, and forc'd to lodg all that night on the cold ground, hardly faring ſo well as his Horſe, who was better accuſtomed to ſuch a ſort of lodging; and as it happen'd it was very happy that his kind Hoſt, where he laſt ſet up, had kindly forc't upon him a good Campaign Coat; otherwiſe the violent Rains that fell that night, had infallibly penetrated to his tender Skin, tho' his doleful voice could not to his Ladies harden'd Heart; he had alſo been accuſtom'd from his Youth to lye rough in the Fields when they

they form'd a Campaign; otherwiſe his late diſtemper had ſufficiently weaken'd him, ſo that he could not have held out the hardſhip of the Night; but wrapping himſelf up ſnug in his Serviceable Coat, crept cloſe into a Loo corner where he might be ſaid to *reſt* himſelf, but not to ſleep: The thoughts of this inhumane dealing did diſtract him. He could not gueſs at the meaning, or what ſhould merit ſo much barbarity: He could never imagin his Dear *Vicentina* could have come to that exceſs of cruelty, ſo as to ſuffer him to be ſhut out from her preſence, and to lye expoſed in ſuch a night to the open Air, without any thing but his Cloaths, and the Heavens to cover him; and yet he was ſatisfied ſhe muſt needs have heard his voice, when ſo near to the Window of the Chamber where ſhe alway lay; but for that ſhe was provided of an excuſe from the panick fear that her Mother had put into her head, that he might fire his Piſtols at her, if ſhe look't out.

Thus

Thus with penſive Heart, and moſt perplexing Thoughts he paſt away the tedious and uncomfortable Night, till the next Morn broke with the Eaſtern Dawn, ſaluted with approaching Day the longing Eyes of the diſconſolate *Armadorus*: As he had reſted with the Lark that Night, (tho in a colder Neſt) ſo he was up with her too the next Morn; but had not ſo good Appetite to ſing as that Bird generally riſes with; however, being a Perſon of a gay and good Humour, and apt to put the beſt Conſtruction upon the worſt; imputed it to his fault, that he came ſo late when all the Family was gone to Bed; and ſo being pleaſant, even under his misfortunes, thought it would be a pretty ſort of Gallantry if he ſhould go and Serenade his own Wife under her Chamber-window, and ſurprize her ſo early with his Voice and Approach: He had obtain'd with his Converſation, and Facility of Apprehenſion, a tolerable and pretty intelligible Pronunciation of the Language of the Country;

Country; and all the defect that he had, ſeem'd only like the little Liſpings of a fine Lady, that at the ſame time advances her Features, and graces her Diſcourſe, and makes both to look more Amorous: He was not to ſeek for Songs on any Subjects, having had ſo much of the *Beaux*, and the Beauteous Sexes Converſation, and *the Academy of Compliments*, that *Courteous Inſtructor* of Strangers, had alſo paſt his hands; beſides his Voice was pretty tolerable, and more paſſable when his Face was ſeen; for a good Meen and Aſpect commonly give the pleaſing turn of a good Air too; it was none of the ſtrongeſt Voice; ſoft and ſweet, yet high enough to aſcend one Story to reach his Lady's Ear, if it could but have toucht her Heart. Muſes he had no need to invoke. His *Academy of Compliments* had a couple of Sonnets in ſtore, that ſeem'd Set and Compos'd for the very purpoſe; ſo ſetting himſelf under the Window, he began the ſorrowful old Song, tho indeed very

very apposite to his sad Condition; *viz.*

My Lodging is on the cold Ground,
And very hard is my fare,
But that which Troubles me most of all,
Is the unkindness of my Dear.
Then, &c.

So home was this woful ditty to his lamentable Case in every Line of it, that he thought she must needs listen to it, and melt into Tears; but *Marble* indeed might have *wept*; she with her Mother's Enchantments was grown more obdurate; perfect *Flint* or *Adamant*, and those *hardned* Minerals are best broken (*we know*) on a *Pillow*, or a *Feather bed*; and that *he knew* too, but the matters were so laid, that he was not like to come to her *Bedside*.

In this Condition the poor Gentleman stood like Fidlers, that after long Scraping, many times can get neither *Answer* nor *Money*; not a word could he get for *Love*, nor all his kind *Good-Morrow*; which made him think upon another Ditty for her, to sing out of the

the ſame Author, to this effect, and what might ſerve for an Anſwer,

Go from the Window my Dear;
For the Wind and the Rain,
Have brought him back again, (&c.
And thou canſt have no Lodging here.

But all things were ſtill and huſht; without the leaſt reply, or ſo much as looking out at the Caſements.

The Accompliſht *Armadorus* had a dexterous hand too at playing on the Baſe Viol; but his Inſtrument was out of the way; and beſides, his fingers were ſo benumb'd with the Wet and Wind, the Rain and Cold, that he could not have plaid his part if the Inſtrument had been by him; wherefore truſting all to his Voice, which he knew with leſs labour and ſtraining, and ſuch ado, had formerly charm'd and enchanted *Vicentina*; therefore laying aſide the foreſaid Sonnets as old and obſolete, and ſo not ſo taking with her, tho the very Emblems of his hard uſage, he began to think upon ſome better words, that he might at laſt get ſome *Mouth-ſpeech*,

(for

(for Muſick without it, will a long time play, *Loath to depart*) and ſo pitcht upon a piece of more refined Poetry, and a Song that heretofore he had often delighted in, even, when he little thought that the *Burden* of the *Song* ſhould have been that too of his *Breaſt*; and that was this:

Cælia, *that I once was bleſt,*
Is now the Torment of my Breaſt, &c.

But moſt pathetically did he warble out the latter diſtich that toucht both *Him* and *Her* ſo near;

Cruel Creature! *to deceive me,*
Firſt to love, and then to leave me.

But finding this as ineffectual as the reſt, he was reſolv'd only to make one Eſſay and Effort further, and that was in a *Stanza* ſpick and ſpan new, brought down with him from the Court; and which could not be but a Stranger to the Country; and being well-compos'd by a Maſter of Muſick, he thought might be very moving; and ſo lifting up his Heart and Voice, tho with a diſconſolate *Ela!* like the dying Swan ſung his laſt *Dirge* in the ſweeteſt notes.

SONG.

SONG.

Quench, quench in tears, thoſe flaming eyes,
That make the World one Sacrifice;
Why ſhould it in Flames expire,
Before the laſt and univerſal Fire?
If we it Cruelty can doom,
In the Proud Tyrant burning Rome,
When to the crackling Flames he plaid,
And triumpht in the waſte he made.
How can the Crime in You *be leſs?*
When kindling the whole Univerſe
You Pride and Boaſt in all your Glorious
Wickedneſs?

It was his humour to the very laſt to Court his beloved Spouſe, as if ſhe ſtill had only been his Miſtreſs; and in all his Diſcourſes, after the ſevereſt uſage, ſtill would he admiringly, adoringly ſpeak of his Dear *Vicentina*; and whatſoever the Young Ladies (to whom he would be often repeating his lamentable Tale) did compaſſionate and condemn, the guilt of it he would wholly lay on the Countess *Davagez*; and that his Dearest, whatever ſhe did, was only under the Terrur of her Deſpotick Power;

to

to whom ſhe had now wholly *reſign'd* her *ſelf* as well as her *Eſtate*.

After the Affectionate *Armadorus* had thus ſported away an hour or ſo, in Sonetting and Serenading; after a ſtormy Night, and bitter Morning, riſing time Approaching, between Six and Seven, he had this cold comfort, that inſtead of the ſweet Face of his *Vicentina*, an old Woman, a ſort of *Doegna* or Governante, let her fair Viſage out of the Lettice or Caſement, where he thought his Dear Lady lay; and with a furrow'd Brow that wrinkled ſufficiently, if ſhe had not frown'd angrily, askt him what his buſineſs was there? That they did not care to be diſturb'd ſo with Heatheniſh, profane Songs; but if he would come again at *Chriſtmas*, with a good Godly Caryl or Hymm, he ſhould have a Pye (if any going) and a piece of Money for his pains.

Armadorus ſmil'd at the innocent Folly of the old Creature, which was a piece they had entertain'd in his Abſence;

ſence, and ſo did not know him, nor his buſineſs; wherefore finding the Domeſticks begin to ſtir, he went boldly to the Door, and began more eagerly to knock for admittance, which now he ſoon had; and indeed, 'twas time of *Day*; for during the *Night* there was no coming in: He askt immediately for his Wife, of whom the Servants well-inſtructed could give no account; then demanding to ſpeak with the Old Lord of *Ogliano*, and the Counteſs *Dowager*; but they were not yet come down from their Apartments; and going to the Door where his Deareſt was wont to Lodge, he found it faſt lockt, and no admittance. Thus full of Doubts and Fears, he attended in the Great Hall the coming down of the Old Folks, who by Breakfaſt-time did appear, having better Stomachs than *Armadorus*, whoſe Appetite was a little pawl'd with his cold Lodging; he Addreſs'd himſelf to them with a Courteous and Kind Application, that had us'd him ſo *cruelly*, and now ſeem'd

to

to estrange themselves so much, that they hardly vouchsafed to know him; he demanded of them where his Wife was? The Old Countess, (that was the Manager of all, and her harmless Husband only the shadow of *Authority*, and who with all his *Worshipful* and *Justitiary Power*, could never keep the *Peace* at home) pertly answer'd the poor *Armadorus*, That she was no keeper of his Wife; that she was ignorant of her abode; and if he doubted of the truth of what she said, he should have all the Keys, and examine every Room in the whole House. A kindness, indeed, most generously offer'd, for it seems they had taken care to dislodge her, and send her where to be sure he was not like to find her out. So with a sorrowful heart (finding himself deluded by the Craftiness of a Woman, and the easy Compliance of a Wife) he was forc'd to return to the Town of *Isca*, his Ancient Post, and there take up his Quarters at the same place where he set forth upon this Knight-Errantry, to go in quest of this distressed Damsel, and to wait till for-

tune favour'd him with a more Auſpicious Aſpect, and the Juſtice of the Nation ſhould reſtore him his Spouſe with her Patrimony.

'Tis not to be expreſt, how the relenting Dames of the Province of *Danmoniorum* did commiſſerate this Gallant Hero's Injurious Treatment, and Barbarous Uſage; which he ſtill repreſented in all Companies with ſuch a tender regard to his Wife's Honour, and *Vicentina*'s Reputation, that ſome did not ſtick to tell him, that he treated her better than ſhe deſerv'd. That ſhe had broke her Vow in Holy Matrimony, by which ſhe was obliged to forſake both *Father* and *Mother*, and to *cleave* to her *Husband*. That it was too late for her to repent of a Choice that ſhe her ſelf had made; and to caſt off a Young Gentleman that ſhe had courted into her Arms, was as baſe, as is was arbarous.

All the Gentile Youths of the Province were alarmed at this unparal lel'd Treatment of an Husband. The Batchellors that were eagerly purſuing their

their hot Loves, began to cool upon their Scent, to run counter when they ſaw the young Ladies to uſe ſuch Shifts and Doublings; they did not know how ſoon it might be their Caſes, ſhould they meet with ſuch Wives: And the young Married Husbands began to be uneaſy under their Condition, not knowing how ſoon theirs might prove ſuch. This made the Virgins fret to find themſelves neglected by their Lovers; and the young Married Women ſume to find their Husbands ſo jealous of their Conſtancy; ſo that in ſhort, the whole *Poſſe* of the *Province*, almoſt from *Sixteen* to *Sixty*, were ready to be up in Arms againſt the Old Counteſs and the Young, as the Common Enemy and Diſturbers of their Loves, their Enjoyments, their Tranquility and Repoſe; ſome execrated the old Lady, ſome curſt the Young, and moſt condemn'd both; but the tender *Armadorus*, — who never complain'd, that his Dear Spouſe ail'd anything, but that ſhe was troubl'd now and then with ſome *Fits* of the

Mother. And these general Murmurings and Mutinies of both Sexes for a while, made the two Countesses a little Cautious how they came abroad in Publick; and as every Bodies house is the best Castle, so they kept close in theirs at *Ogliano*; for as nothing is more menacing than a raised and enraging *Mobb*, so no Multitude more dangerous than that which is animated to *Anger*, by the abusing of their *Love*. 'Tis like a wild *Stagg* or *Bull*, that is disturb'd in his Amours, or Act of Coition; it shakes its clashing Beam, or brawny Neck, and bellows as it goes to meditate Revenge.

The Chambers of *Armadorus* in (this) his abdicated Condition, were the constant Resorts of the Youth of both Sexes to hear him with that humble modesty recount his Memoirs of their Cruelty: *Progne*'s Rape, *Philomela*'s Story, or the Tale of *Itis*, were never entertain'd with such attentive Abhorrence. The Ladies and Gentlemen that had not that intimacy to qualify themselves

to

to make him Visits, yet would contrive the matter so as to introduce themselves into his Acquaintance, and make Invitations to the Courteous Stranger, only to be present at the Relation of his Wrongs; which the injur'd *Armadorus* did not refuse, tho it was with unwillingness he was always brought to say any thing that seem'd to diminish or detract from the goodness of his Dear *Vicentina*, upon whose Actions he would always cast a good Varnish, and place the Mother's Picture in the best Light, that it might seem the more odious, and so serve for a foil the better to set off *Vicentina*'s; nay, the very Old Maidens and Batchelors, that were mumping upon their musty Virginities, that were past the hopes of Matrimony, would all desire his Conversation for the hearing of his Tale, and the pitying his hard and barbarous Usage; insomuch, that the Transported *Armadorus* would be oft surpriz'd at this Universal Friendship in a *Strange Country*, and did so sensibly

reſent it, that he was often heard to ſay; *He could never have hop'd to have found ſo many Friends in his own.*

This univerſal agreement in the Commiſeration of the hard Caſe of *Armadorus*, made the Old Counteſs conſider that ſomewhat muſt be done to wipe off that general Odium that was fallen upon her. And ſo that the World might ſee that it was not without ſome Reaſon that they had thus *hardly* treated the *Helvetian*, ſhe not only got her Daughter to complain of *hard* uſage received from him, but to go to a ſort of Magiſtrate, *Advoyers* (I think) they are wont to call them in his Country; and there ſolemnly make Oath, That ſhe was afraid, that her Dear *Armadorus* had ſome deſign upon her precious *Life*; indeed (as has been related before) the Young Lady was deeply afraid of *Dying*; and that her Love was like to *kill* her the very Wedding Night; but moſt People thought now that fear was pretty well over; However *ſwear* it ſhe would, and who could help it?

The

The worthy Magiſtrate was generally Condemn'd for admitting it, where the Act ſeemed Raſh, and the preſumption of danger not ſo ſtrong; but thoſe Cenſures indeed were undeſerved; for what he did was *ex officio*, and ſo unavoidable; for ſhould *Armadorus* afterward have *killed* his *Vicentina* (tho it were but with *kindneſs*), and ſhe have *Dyed* within the Twelvemonth, the *year* and the *day*, (perhaps as he might have been Indicted upon the *Statute of Stabbing*) ſo the Magiſtrate might have been grievouſly Fined for not having bound him over *to the Good behaviour*; ſo after the Oath was Adminiſtred according to the form of Law and Juſtice, and the Cuſtom of the Country, the *Advoyers* Orders, Declarations, Warrants, Placaets, were by conſequence Iſſued out for the Apprehending, Securing, Seizing, Arreſting, Detaining, Conveying, Bringing into ſafe Cuſtody the Body of *Armadorus*, the *Helvetian*, late of the Canton of *Bernino*; and to bring

it before Him the ſaid *Advoyer*, there to anſwer for ſuch Infirmities and Miſdemeanors, Violences and Inſults, Offered upon the Body of Dame *Vicentina* his Wife, *&c.* And this Inſtrument of Power, Authorities, Juriſdiction, being directed to all the *Seneſchals*, *Sbirri*, *Squardi*, *Conſtabularii*, to execute at their utmoſt Peril, there was no coming for *Armadorus* into that part of the Country, where he would have been quickly ſurrounded by the Peaſantry of the Neighborhood, like a Fox in a Brake, that but the Night before had worried a Lamb; but ſuch was his good luck, and ſo well was he beloved, that one *Advoyer*, or Officer of Juſtice, for his ſake would ſupercede the Warrants and Authority of Another: And our *Helvetian* had only the Diverſion to ſee the Malice of his enraged Mother fruſtrated; and by giving ſome ſlight ſecurity to the Publick, had his Liberty of going abroad without fear of the *Sbirri*, or Conſtables. But indeed nothing Afflicted him

him more than this laſt procedure of *Vicentina*'s; and his Paſſion would oft tranſport him into theſe Complaints; *Cruel Creature!* whom till now I could ne're believe ſo, to make me ſuch an Inhuman Monſter as to have offered thee Violence, much more to have deſigns upon thy Life! *Cruel Vicentina!* To turn that tenderneſs I did always ſhew to thy Perſon, into the Savageneſs of a Beaſt, *a Beaſt of prey*; as if I had no more *Humanity* than an *He-Tygre*; no more mercy than that has *Milk*, to deſtroy the Wife of my Boſom, the joy of my Heart, the delight of my Soul! You your ſelf, my Dear *Vicentina* (tho inſtigated by the malice of a Mother) do not *believe* what you have ſo raſhly *Sworn*; and how could you believe your Life in danger from him that to preſerve yours, was alway ready to Sacrifice his own: All my Comfort is, the World will never believe this, tho *you* have *Sworn* it: were it true, I ſhould be aſhamed to look ever Human Creature in the Face, much

leſs my Father, or any of my Country-men; it muſt have been with *kindneſs* if ever I attempted to *kill* you; and where you never met with the leaſt Violence, how could you fear ſo much hurt? Remember how concerned I was always for your being but the leaſt indiſpoſed, how you could perceive me to languiſh with you, and pine away by Sympathy. Remember how when you would needs imitate the part of a Romantick Lover, after the Reading of the Tragick Scenes of *Cleopatra*, of *Lucretia*, and ſuch Heroick Ladies as had *kill'd* themſelves for Love *and the* like; when you had a little overacted your part, and let the pointed Sword to pierce that tender Skin: How the very ſight of but one drop of Blood that it drew, was enough to touch my Heart, and draw more from thence; and your acting *Death* as it were to the *Life*, was enough to have made me *dye* with the ſight, or even the Apprehenſion of it: And is this the Man that you fear will bereave you of your

your Life? Is this the Man by whoſe hands you are ſo afraid to fall? Is *Armidorus* then to *kill Vicentina!* how would you once have ſtartled at the very Imagination; or abhorr'd your ſelf, had it but entred your thoughts in a Dream: but now you have verifi'd the Cataſtrophe of your foreboding Viſion, by making all the Serene and pleaſant Scenes of it terminate even in the blackeſt Cloud, in *Blood*; and in the miſery and wild diſtraction of us *both*.

Theſe were his ruthful Complaints, that all that heard them regarded, lamented, condoled, (but the hardned Mother, and unrelenting Wife); and therefore finding he could make no Impreſſion upon them, nor that *Time* that *ſoftens Iron and Stone*, had turn'd their Natures, nor all the Importunities of Friends and Relations, the powers of Fleſh and Blood could mollify their *petrified Hearts*; he betook himſelf to the Courts of *Equity* and *Juſtice*, to make his Complaints and

receive

receive Redreſs; who ſoon Authorized him by a Legal Proceſs to demand his Spouſe whereſoever he might ſuſpect her to be; which accordingly he did, in a ſolemn manner of the Lord of *Ogliano*, at the Gates of the ſaid Lord's Caſtle, and afterward in the Manſion-Houſe it ſelf; but ſhe being deni'd there to be, or that they detained any ſuch Lady, he was left to make out his proof by Law, and a ſolemn Tryal; for which both ſides prepared amain: The Gentlemen of the Long-Robe were engaged with Gold, and to fight it out like *Switzers* that were well paid (one againſt another). The Wittneſſes were to be Muſtred up by Multitudes, and to Swear luſtily, and perhaps for Gold too; And being thus ranged in Battalia, were all ready againſt the time appointed to give Battel.

The adverſe party had ſo packt their Cards, and ſhuffl'd the Young Lady from place to place, that it was a difficult matter to fix that of her abode,

bode, and prove where ſhe was detain'd; for *Vicentina*, that was now brought to ſtoop to all their Lures, began to diſguiſe her ſelf whereever ſhe went; and ſhe that was once like *Juno*'s Bird, or *Venus* Dove, the beauty and ſplendor of the Day; like a Bat began only to buz about by Candle-Light, or hover like a night Bird in the dark; nor would ſhe ſtir by twilight unleſs *incognito*, and (once like the *Italian* in Maſquerade, that would mimick at a *Carnaval* a *Spaniard* and *French-man*, *parte per pale*, at the ſame time both in dreſs and geſture) ſhe was obſerved to ride forth in a *Cavalcade* ſomewhat extraordinary pleaſant, *viz.* a good rich Velvet Saddle, and faſhionable, upon a ſorry Horſe with a ſwitch-Tail that that us'd to carry Lime, and not Ladies; A gentile *Surtout* or riding-Suit; with her Shoulders warmly wrapt up in a good White Serge whittle: A pretty handſome Commode of the neweſt faſhion, upon which was gracefully plac'd a good homely Straw-Hat,

Hat, with a long Pole like a Sugar Loaf, ſo that *Cit* and *Bumpkin* ſeem'd never better met or ſet off ſince the Creation.

Poor *Vicentina*! to what hard ſhifts, to what Obloquies and Reproaches, has thy blind ſubmiſſion, thy *Paſſive Obedience* to an Imperious Mother reduc'd thee! But 'twas too late for her to retract; ſhe had her *Irons* in the *Fire*, ſhe was to ſtrike while they were *hot*, tho' they *burnt* her *Fingers*; and the Lord of *Ogliano*, he was drawn in to *Eſpouſe* the Cauſe upon the account of the old Counteſs his *Spouſe*; and perhaps out of hopes, if all things went well, the Signiory of *Albania*, the young Counteſs's Patrimony might come into his Family; otherwiſe he had the Repute of a well-meaning perſon, that did not love any litigiouſneſs but what his *Old Lady* led him to; who having the aſcendant, made her *good Lord* ſubmit to ſuch conditions, ſometimes that went down with reluctancy; and *Armadorus* himſelf would alway do him that Juſtice, as not only to think, but to repreſent him as unconcern'd in thoſe perplexi-

plexities they had brought upon him.

The time approacht in which this great Cauſe was to be decided, not by *Combat* as of old, when *Appellant* and *Defendant* met to decide it by a *Duel*: The *Principals*, as we have heard before, had been thus engag'd on the *Nuptial Night*, where it prov'd but a *drawn Battel*; here it was come to the *Dernier Reſort*, and almoſt the *laſt Appeal*, except the *higheſt*, and to be decided by a *Judicial Sentence* and *Decretum Finale*; and for that both ſides ſeem provided, when the Learned *Podeſta* or Judg took his place upon the Bench. After the preliminaries of the Trial were come to be adjuſted, and the Jurors and the People full of expectation to hear the Evidences, Proofs, and Diſproofs, whether by error in proceſs of the one, or diſtruſt of their cauſe in the *other*, at the inſtance of the adverſe party, this ſo Remarkable Cauſe of *Matrimony* and *Love* was put off to another ſitting of the Itinerary Judges: to the great diſappointment of all the gay Youth and gallant Young Ladies, who

ſeem'd

ſeem'd all mightily concern'd for the lovely *Armadorus*.

But this was only a *Remora* that for a little while *retarded* the Affair, a *Rub* in the *Way*, or a *Plank* that their *ſinking* Cauſe caught hold of; for before the ſucceeding *Podeſta*, or the next ſitting of the Judges, it came again to be Canvaſs'd and to have a full and fair hearing: The Gallant *Armadorus* appear'd in all his bravery and ſplendor, and the Court of Juſtice was throng'd with all the gay Ladies and Gallant Gentlemen the rich Province could afford, full of eager expectation, and itching Ears, for the pleaſantries and diverſions that the Dialogues and Diſcoveries of this Love-Intrigue and famous Amour might afford them. The matter was modeſtly diſcuſt, and ſo might not anſwer expectation, tho' it did all their hopes in the Cauſe being carried for the Noble *Armadorus*: Cannon play'd on both ſides; on both ſides did the evidence ſwear and thunder, that the Earth ſhook withal: But it being clearly made appear, 1. That the

the Gallant *Armadorus* had actually married the Gay *Vicentina*, 2. That she had been detained from him in the Castle of *Ogliano*, contrary to the Laws of Marriage. 3. That he had us'd to be very fond of her, and never fail'd to exercise all his Faculties and utmost efforts, for the giving her all imaginable satisfaction in her conjugal affection. 4. That this Elopement or Kid-napping, or Spiriting away of his dear Spouse was to his great prejudice; and to the hazard and temptation of a wicked violation of an Holy Conjugation. 5. That he had sustain'd great Damages, and that it had cost him very dear to pursue his *Daphne*, that fled and had absconded her self from him only with a design to deceive him, and by withdrawing her *fair Face*, to beguile him of her *fairer Fortune*. 6. To consummate all, the illustrious *Cavaliero*, Signior *Armadillo*, Commandant *de Bernino*, and Father of the gallant *Armadorus*, *viva voce* testify'd that his Son (our Heroick *Helvetian*) had Overtures made him by richer and higher persons, and that no less then 6. or 7000. Pistols had been offer'd him for Dower in his own Country; an huge summ, and sufficient to defray a Tax of an whole Canton in their *Helvetique* Body; amounting nearly to 77000. Livers. That the adverse party had brought an Ignominious

nious ſcandal upon their Noble Family by endeavouring *ſecretly* to *deceive*, and *openly* to traduce his Son *Armadorus*, the flouriſhing Branch and greateſt Hopes of it: That in his Old Age he had undertaken a long Pilgrimage by Land and Sea, to vindicate his Son, by his own preſence, from the ſcandal of being of an obſcure Birth. That himſelf was Generaliſſimo to the vaſt Republick of the Canton of *Bernino*, and his Son was to ſucceed him in that high Command; and that he hoped (tho Strangers) they ſhould receive Juſtice for their Injuries ſuſtain'd.

The Adverſe party on the other hand, undertook ſtrongly to prove, that the paſſionate *Switzer*, was able to ſwear *Thundring* and *Lightning* Oaths; that the Young *Helvetian* had been ſo robuſt, that he had broke all the Bonds of Matrimony: That he had taken his Ladies beſt Bits, and the Food ſhe moſt delighted in, and barbarouſly given it to the Dogs. *Item* that longing once but for a *Woodcocks Leg*, he had before her face inhumanely thrown it into the Fire; and made a *Grillion* of what ſhe deſign'd for a *Fricazee*: *Item*, That being wont to humble himſelf on his Knees whilſt ſhe did uſe to attire him in her beſt Commode and moſt becoming dreſs, he was of late grown ſo ſtiff and ſtubborn, as to force her to kneel while he

he attir'd her in his long Peruke, and cocking Beaver. *Item*, That he had put his Lady often into many fainting Fits that she could hardly fetch her Breath, and was ready to dye away, *&c.* — All which formidable Averments being made out upon Oath, made the whole Court of Ladies mightily concern'd for their admir'd *Armadorus*, as doubting what might be the issue of so dubious a point; and sorry that his kindness to the Female Sex should have all this sad occasion to be call'd in question; but to be short, after the Eloquent, and the Learned Lawyers, and the Councel on both sides had sufficiently Harangu'd and Satyriz'd; after the *Tres Sage*, and *Tres Reverend* the *Jage*, had impartially and ingenuously with much Judgment and Learning summ'd up all that had been materially said in a little, and taken the merits of a long cause in short-hand; It was left to the Jurors, or 12. Persons (according to the custom of the Country) to decide it by their *final verdict*, or *Decretum finale*; which soon follow'd to this effect: *That* considering the damages, and disappoinments he had sustain'd during the detention of his Wife and deareſt Spouse, to the peril of his *Continency*, and the impairing of his health by abstinency, and also considering

of

of what evil consequences it would be to the whole Country, (and what might be every Man of them their own Case) should their Wives be suffer'd to make such extravagant Elopements, and unnaturally withdraw themselves from their Husbands to lye single when the Law obliges them to be under Coverture; They therefore *in terrorum* to all such Female Offenders, did award, declare, assign, decree, or give unto the Illustrious *Armadorus*, Son and Heir Apparent of the Noble Signior *Armadillo* Commandant *de Bernino* in the Country of *Helvetia*, the summ of 1200 Doppio's or Pistols *L' Espaign*, amounting to 13200. Livers *French*; sufficient to purchase a great Signiory or Lordship in the Canton *de Bernino*; and at any time to be setled when she should return, and they two should better agree, on the Dame *Vicentina* for her Jointure in lieu and recompence of her vast Fortune she brought him, and what was justly due to the merits of her deserving Person and extraordinary Dower.

This Verdict for *Armadorus*, as it transported him not a little, so it affected no less almost the whole Court: The Adverse Party being but a few, could not obscure with their cloudy Countenances, the Serenity that seem'd to appear in every Face. The

Gallant

Gallant *Helvetian* with a great deal of Modeſty, and a graceful Air, received the Careſſes of the gay Gentlemen, his Acquaintance, and the Compliments of the Young languiſhing Ladies, that did both admire and commiſerate him: and ſo far was his triumph from Exalting him to inſult over his vanquiſh'd Adverſaries, or exaſperating him againſt thoſe that had given him all this trouble, that he offered himſelf ſoon after to be ready to receive any Propoſals of Reconciliation with his Dear Spouſe and her Relations; not ſo much as leaving out of the Treaty, nor excluding from the Alliance, the Counteſs-Dowager, that by moſt was ſuppoſed to have done all the miſchief; and did as openly and generouſly aver, That if his Dear *Vicentina* would return to her Duty, he would enter again into a League Offenſive and Defenſive with her: Love her more than e're ſhe did him, or he her before; and for a more ſolemn Confirmation of it, to Solemnize again his Matrimony, and Inſtitute a *new* Feſtival Wedding for the utter Aboliſhing of all old Feuds and former Animoſities.

Thus far (Gentle Reader) if the ſoft ſubject of tender and exalted Love, that at laſt terminated in as Eternal and Extream Diſcord, can move thy Breaſt to Admiration

ration and Compassion, have these divided Lovers furnish'd thee with matter for both: be not severe in Censuring either; since neither of them can be truly Criminated as faulty: The faults of Lovers at the worst are but Infirmities; and instead of being their Crimes, are more commonly the Decrees of their Fate and Destiny; and 'tis their Dispensations that have afforded thee here this History (Reader) instead of a Romance. The *Trojan* Hero never past thro more difficult Adventures of Love and Arms than our Gallant *Helvetian*; *both* had an angry *Juno* to contend with, as well as a Friendly *Venus* that favoured them; *both* were involved first in a Tempestuous Storm, by the furious blusterings of *Eolus*; and the Foaming Billows of *Neptune*, before they could Land at the Calm-Haven of *Carthage*, and have a sight of their Fair and Incomparable *Dido*. It was *both* their fates to have their Queen of Beauty soon Enamoured with their goodly Personages; and the stories of their Wars, and wandrings; *both* pledg'd their Loves and Faith in a Storm, and met in Rain and Tempest; and both at last sadly parted without leaving so much as a little *Æneas*, or young *Armadillo* to play with the Mother, or resemble the Dad: And this happy *Disparity* does alone *Discontinue* the

Parallel

Parallel, that after all this falling out, *both* were agreed not to Sacrifice themſelves upon a Funeral Pile, and fooliſhly to follow the Example of the moſt Effeminate *Carthaginian*, in falling Victims to that fond Love and Paſſion which they had once ſo eagerly indulged, and in which of late they were ſo deeply engaged.

And here it is time to *ſtop* the Courſe of Hiſtory, where the Heroick Subjects of it are at a ſort of *ſtand*; as they proceed further in their Adventures, they will afford the World farther Admiration in the Reading of their Lives; this will appear but imperfect, a Chaſm in Chronology, and an abrupt Fragment in Hiſtory, unleſs by their Progreſs in Heroick Adventures, they furniſh matter for a Supplement, and fill up the blanks in the next Edition, as handſomely as the laſt Editor has done thoſe of *Petronius*.

However, 'tis to be wiſh'd for Love ſake, for Pities ſake, for poor *Vicentina's* and her Dear *Armadorus's* ſake, and to prevent the ſad influence that ſuch preſidents and preposterous Examples of *wrangling Lovers* may have upon raw and unexperienced Youth; to the quenching the heat of their Amours, or perverting the Nature of Conjugal Affection, That a period was put to thoſe Unnatural Diviſions between ſo Illuſtrious

an

an Husband and so loving a Wife; that *Armadorus* and *Vicentina* might meet and embrace again, and clasp each other in those Longing Arms with the same Love that held his Torch to the Nuptial Night. And who knows but that the Noble *Armadorus* might be sent to People her *Albania*, as the famous *Æneas*, that proper and personable *Dardan*, once (as *Bards* do write) did populate and multiply upon the Fair and Fruitful Coast of *Italy*? The *Trojans* in the *former* Ages were only famed for their Military Exploits, as our *Helvetians* are in *this*. *Armadorus* and *Vicentina* may both descend from as Martial Ancestors. Their very Names and Etymons, are fruitful of far-boded Trophies, and big with Omens of their future Triumph: *Armadorus* and *Vicentina* seem to sound forth *War* and *Victory*, and from whose Sides and Loins may spring to populate their Land, a Noble Race of Warlike and Undaunted Heroes.

BRITISH
10 MY 72
MUSEUM

FINIS.